

JUNE 18, 1979

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TIME

The DC-10
Debacle

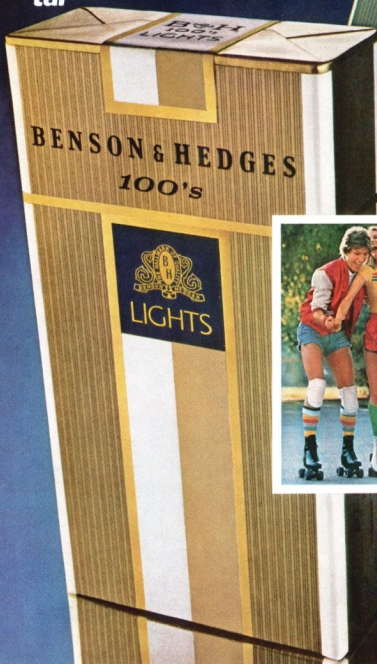
Triumphal Return

The Pope in Poland



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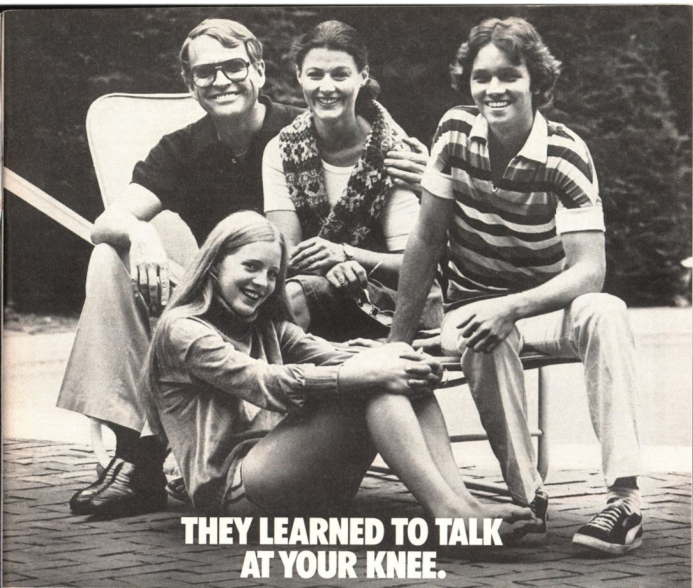
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will be theirs when they're old
enough to drink.

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A Letter from the Publisher

Rome Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn, who traveled with Pope John Paul II through Poland for this week's cover story, is no stranger to papal tours. He flew twice with Pope Paul VI and had a chat with John Paul II on the new Pontiff's trip to Mexico last January. Wynn reports great differences between the two as air passengers. "Pope Paul established the habit of visiting the press section during each flight," recalls Wynn. "But he was reserved and a bit shy. He would shake each newsman's hand, murmur a greeting, and then return to his compartment." But when John Paul II meets the press, he is outgoing and garrulous. On the flight from Rome to Warsaw, the Pope fielded inquiries in six languages (English, German, Polish, Spanish, Italian, French) and managed a brief conversation with Wynn (in English, though the correspondent also speaks Italian and Arabic). "I touched his arm to get his attention," recounts Wynn. "Without looking—and typical of the personal warmth he exudes—John Paul grasped my hand, turned to me and gave me a warm smile as if we were old friends."

Covering the papal newsmaker on the ground proved

a bit more challenging; the Pope went by helicopter to all stops, while reporters had to follow by car. Wynn and Eastern Europe Correspondent Barry Kalb devised a system of "leapfrogging" the papal party. One would spend a day covering the Pope, while the other drove to the next destination and saw to all the complicated logistical and bureaucratic arrangements the trip required.

GORGONI-CONTACT



John Paul II and Wilton Wynn on the plane to Poland

"You never know what he will do next. Almost daily he says or does something you cannot ignore. He is a good conversationalist, full of anecdotes and humorous sayings."

John A. Meyers

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Cover: Photograph by Gorgoni—Contact.



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Letters

Price of Caring

To the Editors:

Your story "Medical Costs—Seeking the Cure" [May 28] almost scared me sick. The best solution for keeping medical costs within reason is to stay well.

*Mark Insalata
Ossining, N.Y.*

I do not fear the rising costs of health care as much as I fear yet another multi-billion-dollar Government program. It will only advance us closer to a socialist U.S. and mean more inflation for the middle class, who must support this "something-for-everyone" program.

*Sheri Hendricks
Zion, Ill.*

I was expecting yet another attack on America's latest whipping boy, the medical profession. Instead, I was pleased to find a clear, concise and unbiased account of an emotionally charged issue.

*John Allen King, M.D.
Gainesville, Fla.*



Americans as a whole have done little to preserve their health, and most do not deserve medical care at reasonable cost. Advertising of cigarettes and any unhealthful products should be banned, and the money put into health care.

*Mark H. Thompson
Huntsville, Ala.*

Before the plug is pulled on this dialysis patient, be sure someone is around to answer the question of whether society can afford *not* to have me around just because my kidneys don't work.

*Kathy R. Patterson
Oxon Hill, Md.*

You are to be congratulated for focusing on the subject of the rapidly rising cost of health care. But we were disappointed that you failed to mention a Republican health insurance bill, the Dole-Danforth-Domenici proposal.

Our catastrophic health insurance

Letters

proposal has three key parts. First, those eligible for Medicare will be protected by expansion of their present benefits. Second, the large majority of the employed will be assured of the availability of adequate private insurance protection. Third, those who are part of the residual marketplace, and not already covered, may choose to have the Federal Government serve, in some instances, as a financial back-up, in contracting with the private insurance companies for catastrophic coverage.

*Bob Dole, Jack Danforth, Pete Domenici
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.*

Senator Kennedy's health insurance plan would provide coverage for all Americans and aim at limiting costs, an admirable scheme. But along with any plan to ration medical care and limit its cost comes a compromise in quality. Will the Senator tell us this?

*Andrew Jamieson
Fargo, N. Dak.*

As a medical student, I found myself agreeing with the Boston specialist about the physician's right to charge high fees. It's disheartening to realize that while the public apparently demands perfection in technique and diagnosis, it pays for it rather grudgingly.

*Terry J. Gioe
Indianapolis*

The argument that doctors have a right to charge high fees because of the "long years of learning and not earning, the killing hours and loss of contact with family," etc., is rubbish. At no time during pre-med, medical school, internship or residency did someone put a gun to my head and force me to continue.

*Leon Reinstein, M.D.
Baltimore*

We all should listen to the modern Hippocratic statement made by Alan Alda—a man acting as a doctor imploring doctors to act as men.

*George Eddy Parker
Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.*

Who decided that more than ten years of education are necessary to treat the common cold, nervous tension, arthritis, acne, allergies, childhood diseases, minor infections and a myriad other simple ailments or chronic maladies? This country needs more paraprofessionals.

*Larry Golbom
St. Paul*

Or, perhaps more grandmothers who can make chicken soup?

White Verdict

If the jurors, the defense counsel and the psychiatrists are trying to tell us that Dan White [May 28] did not premeditate



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Letters

the senseless killings of Mayor Moscone and Supervisor Milk, they've got to be the insane ones!

*Glducio H. Bechara
East Lansing, Mich.*

If a junk-food habit truly indicates a chemical imbalance in the brain, as the defense argued, then most of the American populace must be suffering from acute depression.

*Cynthia D. LuBien
Cambridge, Mass.*

Sparks About Gasoline

Oh hum, now I can relax. No more worries about the gasoline shortage. My confidence was restored when Energy Secretary James Schlesinger said: "I think it would be safe to say that we hope the worst is over" [May 28].

*Harold D. Bean
Bryum, Ala.*

What a spineless, irresponsible performance by the House on gasoline rationing. For heaven's sake, let's begin rationing now. I believe most Americans would like to know where they stand. If we know we can only expect so much gasoline, we'll make do.

*Charles R. Kolb
Vicksburg, Miss.*

Buzz off, Government. You're messing too much with things that have made this country great. Get out of my gas tank. I want supply and demand.

*Katherine W. Rogers
Greenwich, Conn.*

Leaving our cars home one day a week is like fighting a dinosaur with a BB gun. It is simply not the answer. Walking, running, bicycling, taking buses, subways and car pooling are all alternative ways to satisfy our need for mobility.

*Adrian Kalil
Philadelphia*

If, in Jimmy Carter's words, the present energy situation is the moral equivalent of war, then Bob Hope should start making tours of the gas stations and singing *Tanks for the Memories*.

*Charles G. Gessner
Bean Station, Tenn.*

Backfire from California

As a native Californian, I was offended by your article "Gas: A Long, Dry Summer" [May 21]. Californians are not selfish, greedy gas hogs. California has been hit the hardest in the nation, but we will survive.

*Kim Mauvais
El Toro, Calif.*

I found your comments on the behavior of Californians a terrible affront. During the years following World War II, an



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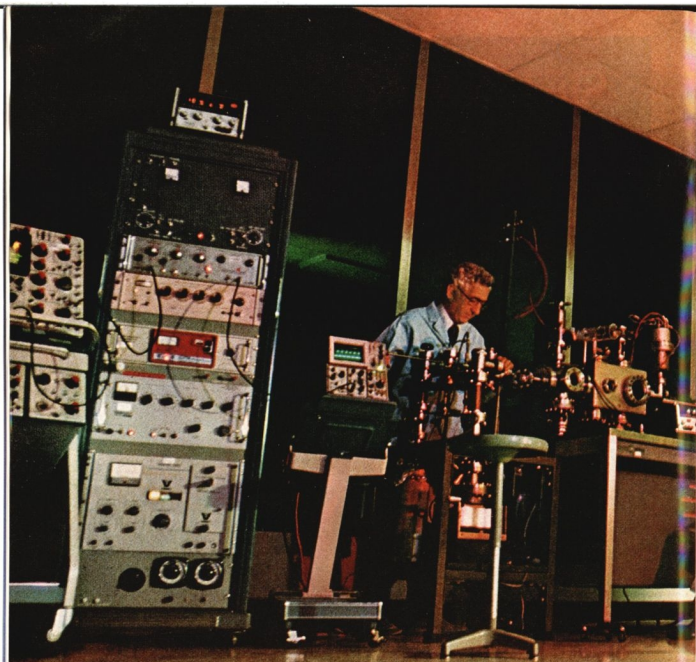
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But our research programs encompass much more. We have a large team of specialists seeking better methods of pollution abatement. Others are concerned with improving quality control and productivity. One group is working with the Bureau of Mines to find ways to capture the energy-rich methane gas found in coal mines.

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You've probably come to think of your pharmacist as a helpful professional.

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We live in an age of specialization. You probably have more than one physician. So you may have more than one person prescribing for you.

Hence the need for a constant source of drug information. Someone who can consult with your doctors about drug therapy. Someone who may detect potential medication problems and help prevent them.

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To begin with, it takes at least five years to earn a pharmacy degree, and if a pharmacist wishes to specialize, even longer.

What's more, pharmacists aren't just behind pharmacy counters in your community. They're in hospitals, medical centers, universities, and in industry and government laboratories and research institutes.

There are two other things about pharmacists you may not realize. There are more of them than ever—about 140,000.

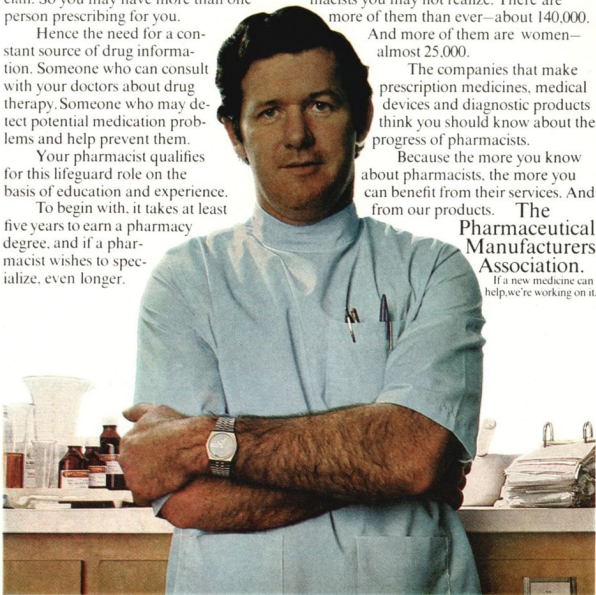
And more of them are women—almost 25,000.

The companies that make prescription medicines, medical devices and diagnostic products think you should know about the progress of pharmacists.

Because the more you know about pharmacists, the more you can benefit from their services. And from our products.

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Letters

excellent rail system serving the entire Los Angeles basin was systematically bought up and dismantled by an unholy alliance of General Motors and Standard Oil of California. They literally forced what is still the nation's fastest growing state into total reliance on the internal combustion engine.

So get off our backs!

Henry A. Miller
San Francisco

Enduring Evangelist

In your book review of the biography of Billy Graham [May 28], you refer to Charles G. Finney as a "back-country camp-meeting" evangelist. That hardly does justice to the man. Finney, a lawyer by training, did his most effective preaching to professional and business people, climaxing a series of successful revivals in major Eastern cities by settling briefly at Broadway Tabernacle in New York City, before being called to a chair of theology and later the presidency of Oberlin College in Ohio. His theology "demolished" the rigid Calvinism of his day, and his *Lectures on Revivals of Religion* is still read today by students of evangelistic methods and techniques.

Erwin A. Britton, Executive Secretary
National Association of Congregational
Christian Churches, Oak Creek, Wis.

More on the Good Doctor

Thanks for turning Paul Gray loose on the good doctor Lewis Thomas [May 21]. It's good to see that at TIME, Gray matter matters.

John L. Phillips
Paris

TV or Not TV

Why should I be "learning to live with TV" [May 28]? If any TV advertiser wants to have my support let him learn to live with me.

Marilyn J. Hendrick
Shelbyville, Ind.

As an advertising agency executive, I am often ashamed of my support of the banality on TV. It seems appropriate that today's TV writers, producers and executives are held in an esteem and reverence once reserved for mystics and charlatans. Fred Silverman just may be mankind's consummate alchemist. He has devised a method of transmuting brains into pudding.

Bart Lewis
Lincoln, Neb.

What an absurd and insidious statement by the official of KNXT-TV: "Reading becomes exciting because students can

imagine those words being spoken by an actor or actress on television." Incredible! Not only is the natural order of things reversed—life imitating art—but the art in question is crummy.

Scarlet Cheng
Arlington, Va.

No Deal by the Sunday Times

TIME magazine perceptively reported the finding [May 7] by the European Court of Human Rights that the British government violated free speech in the suppression of the *Sunday Times* article on the drug thalidomide. But it is not correct that we avoided jail and fine by a "deal" with the government. We risked these very penalties when we began to campaign in 1972 for the thalidomide families in defiance of the contempt laws. Later, we agreed that a draft article, alleging negligence by the company, should be subject to a prepublication hearing. We did this to test the laws of contempt, and we have now, finally, been vindicated in Europe.

Harold Evans, Editor
Sunday Times
London

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TIME, JUNE 18, 1979

American Scene

In Oklahoma: Chasing Twisters

It is 11:45 a.m., and Gene Moore is scanning the cloudy skies, pulling on a cigarette, adjusting the treble on his stereo and aiming his blue Ford pickup truck toward western Oklahoma.

He is out to catch a tornado. To be exact, Moore is a storm chaser, and when he catches up with a tornado, it is not uncommon for him to bring it back alive on film. Thereafter scientists at the National Severe Storms Laboratory in Norman, Okla., can study it in the relative safety of the lab. Catching tornadoes sounds about as unlikely a sport as herding partridges on horseback. But when conditions are right, the NSSL sends out several vans packed with photographers, meteorologists and equipment, assorted airplanes and platoons of experts in hope of harvesting storm data. When people in Texas or Oklahoma or Kansas start running for their lives from a tornado, Moore and his colleagues are usually running full speed into it.

Today NSSL has word of storms moving east from the border near the Texas Panhandle. It has already loosed four aircraft, including one armor-plated job equipped to penetrate the severest storms. Six special Doppler radars, which are sensitive even to frequency changes in falling raindrops, have been focused on the western part of the state. And three storm chase vehicles like Moore's are rolling westward.

Severe weather is expected all over the state, and the scientists at the Norman laboratory, operated by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) laboratory, have just launched the second part of a ten-week storm project called Sesame 79. Part 1 examined regional atmospheric conditions. Part 2 is aimed at collecting data from specific storms. Nobody in the Great Plains is pleased to learn that a tornado is on the way. But these scientists, engaged in

a \$3.5 million project to help measure and ultimately predict tornadoes and severe storms, are excusably excited.

Moore is 32 and still working on his degree in meteorology at Oklahoma University. He admits fieldwork appeals more to him than the written thesis that still separates him from a degree. But he is regarded as an expert contract worker and weather photographer, and when tornadoic storms are pelting his truck with hail and threatening imminent catastrophe, Moore's language can be impressively scientific. He has caught up with and photographed more than 60 tornadoes in the past eight years, and he speaks expertly of anvils and shears, gust fronts and vortices, lips and inflow bands.

"I always watched storms when I was young," Moore says. "I figured when I got old enough, I'd follow one and see what it was like." Sometimes these days, he sees them a bit too well. As the pickup hurtles along Route 66, Moore recalls his last big storm. It ended up chasing him all over north central Texas, then dispersed, then treacherously re-formed and became the deadly tornado that killed more than 40 people last April in Wichita Falls. Moore outran it for 15 minutes, until it crossed the road behind his truck. Says he: "It sounded just like a commercial jet landing."

He carries a motorcycle helmet to fend off the huge hailstones that often accompany a tornado, but the only thing he admits fearing is lightning: "There's no rhyme or reason to it." Now he turns up the AM radio and rotates the tuner, listening for the pop of static that reveals the presence of lightning in the billowing clouds overhead. There is none.

By 2 p.m., the alto-cumulus clouds begin to cast shadows across the truck stops and red-dirt farm lands of western Oklahoma. Moore and his aide, Bill Moyer, another O.U. meteorology student, keep



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Threatening sky over placid landscape on a tornado day in central Oklahoma

Ω
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TIME, JUNE 18, 1979



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tell a lot
about a
person by
the time
he keeps

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American Scene

peering at the sky, noting the cloud peaks tilting to the southeast, indicating that jet-stream winds are active. "That's good," Moore notes, "real good." Two essential ingredients for a tornadic storm seem to be present, and just as surely moving inexorably toward a showdown. If the cold, swift-moving jet-stream wind persists and clashes with the warm, moist lower air from the south, the atmosphere will be forced to readjust dramatically, creating the vortex of vertical air currents that cause tornadoes.

From Erick, Okla., over near the Texas border, Moore calls Norman. The lab reports that the storm clouds are "falling apart." Moore is unconvinced. He heads west again to get a better look at a cloud bank that seems to contradict the forecast. "Look at that thing!" Moore yells. "It's going up! Hell yes, it's going up!" He throws the pickup into a fast U-turn. He turns on the AM radio just in time to hear an unmistakable crackle. "If I didn't know better," Moore shouts, "I'd say that was lightning!" As the truck

speeds through Cheyenne, the skies grow darker.

At 3:30 p.m., the radio announces a tornado watch for a wide corridor stretching from Abilene, Texas, to Enid, Okla. "Ha!" Moore cries, his judgment vindicated. Overhead, the underside of the

clouds is heavy with moisture. Bill Moyers begins to check out the cameras.

In Vici, after pulling into a gas station, Moore rushes to a phone booth for one more call to the Norman lab. Back in the truck, he exults: "This is it! They're going crazy back there." He floors the accelerator, heading for the tornado's path, so he can get pictures. At 4:09 p.m., the first heavy drops splatter on the windshield, washing away the dead insects. A jumble of blue gray shapes rushes across the sky. Soon chilly blasts of air shake the truck. A windmill in a nearby field whirs crazily. "It's only a matter of time before we get hail," says Moore.

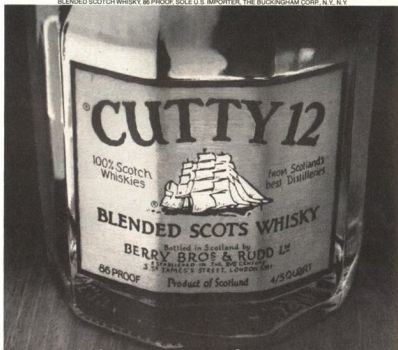
At 5:05 p.m., two other NOAA vans appear. All pull over for a hasty conference. A student with a two-way phone to the lab yells that the worst conditions are centered about 20 miles west of Enid (pop. 52,700). Moore spins his wheels, and the chase is on again. In Fairview, 30 miles west of Enid, several pickup trucks are parked along the road. Next to them, lanky farmers in caps and blue jeans stare at the turbulent, darkening sky. Women carrying grocery bags peer from the doorway of the IGA market. A handful of motorists watch from the refuge of an APCO gas station down the street.

In Enid, tornado sirens begin to shriek with an otherworldly howl. The sky is now



Gene Moore in action

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American Scene

black as night. Only a dim outline of the horizon betrays the threatening shape of the cloud formations. Several cars fish-tail dangerously down the flooded streets. From the radio an announcer yells: "Take shelter! Get downstairs!" He adds that a tornado has just destroyed mobile homes west of town.

Within minutes, the western sky has turned a stunning emerald green, and huge hailstones are smashing on the truck's roof. It is 6:16 p.m. Moore pushes east as the hailstones, some of them literally the size of golf balls, threaten to crack our windshield. After plowing through a curtain of hail and rain, the truck turns south and breaks through the devastating storm. As it rolls through tiny Covington (pop. 605), every light in town blinks off and on, twice, because of storm-blown power lines. "Look for an escape route," Moore warns Moyer.

Soon the rain stops, and the clouds begin swirling in an unfamiliar turmoil, deadly and full of force. They move faster, roiling and dipping over a wheatfield. It is now 7 p.m. Suddenly, 1,000 yds. away, a charcoal sky seems to extend a smoky finger that stabs down at the earth, then withdraws. "There it is!" shouts Moore, screeching to a halt. He and Moyer scramble out and hoist their cameras as the monstrous sky, churning and converging, forms a crooked funnel once, twice, half a dozen times. Each time the terrifying funnel snakes earthward and scratches the grassy field, dancing unsteadily, then retreats.

Seconds later, Moore lowers his camera and looks in horror as, 100 yds. away, the tan blur of a 100-m.p.h. tornado wind crosses the road on which the truck is parked. That wind could easily send it rolling end over end like a kid's toy. Moore dashes into the cab, Moyer on his heels. "Get in!" he screams. "That son of a bitch is coming right at us! Now! Let's go!" He jams the truck into gear, and we race north. Behind, hardly the length of a football field away, the ground beneath the tornado is suddenly lost in a dark howling whirlpool. Then the truck is hit again with the full force of the hail. A shower of red dirt and debris tossed up by the tornado batters it. Minutes later, as Moore pulls into Covington, tornado sirens suddenly fill the air.

The storm tears away to the southeast, passing north of Oklahoma City. The pickup heads for Norman. It has taken 500 miles of driving and ten hours, but Moore has caught his tornado, and it didn't catch him. The 11 ft. of film on which he captured nature's awesome derelish will be scrutinized by NSSL scientists and added to the incomplete yet growing mosaic of knowledge about storms that kill an average of 250 people a year and do a billion dollars worth of damage.

Gene Moore pats his camera affectionately: "Now," he says, "that was a tornado."
—David Jackson

20/20

Weekly/Weekly
every
Thursday/Thursday

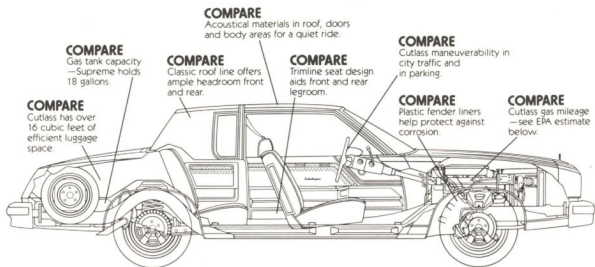
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TIME/JUNE 18, 1979

Debacle of the DC-10

Disturbing long-range questions about the worst air disaster in U.S. history

We are a little uneasy. We have no handle on this one yet. Was it aging metal in a high-time machine? Was it stress? And what kind of stress? Was it quality control of the metal? And if we find out, what kind of fix can we ask to have made? We don't know.

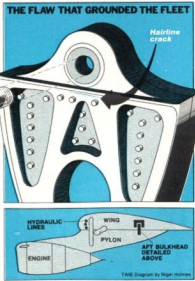
Those worried—and worrisome—comments came last week from a member of a band of experts who normally know all the answers: the National Transportation Safety Board's "go teams" of plane-crash investigators. Over the years they have been able to pinpoint a "probable cause" in 97% of all U.S. air accidents. Yet even these legendary investigators remained in doubt about the precise cause of the worst U.S. air tragedy in history—the crash of an American Airlines DC-10 jumbo jet near Chicago's O'Hare International Airport on Memorial Day weekend that killed 275. While the experts hunted for both a cause and a cure, 138 DC-10s in the U.S. and 132 more around the world were grounded. As the airlines using DC-10s lost an estimated \$5 million a day, the public developed new doubts about the industry's vaunted competence and, equally important, the ability of its federal regulators to protect travelers against disaster.

After vacillating for twelve days, Federal Aviation Administrator Langhorne Bond last week issued an "emergency order of suspension" that indefinitely lifted the design certificate of the DC-10s in the U.S. The grounding was voluntarily followed by all but one airline outside the U.S. (Venezuela's Viasa, which uses five DC-10s). A total of 41 airlines that normally carry 60,000 passengers a day on the \$40 million plane built by the McDonnell Douglas Corp. had suddenly lost key portions of their fleets. The initial result was confusion and tedious delays in airport terminals as travelers scrambled to get seats on other flights and airlines struggled to shift their available aircraft to plug the gaps left by the grounded planes. The crisis created turmoil in an industry that depends heavily upon the public's overcoming any fear of flying. What was more, the events clouded the financial future of McDonnell Douglas (see box).

There have been few heroes in the distressing developments since the accident. The primary issue throughout has been why the left engine on the three-engine jetliner literally took off on its own as the



FAA Administrator Langhorne Bond



120-ton airplane was rising from the runway at O'Hare. The four-ton engine, exerting a thrust of 40,000 lbs., had ripped away with the pylon that attached it to the wing. Climbing, the engine apparently tore into the wing, severing at least two of the three hydraulic pressure lines embedded near the forward edge. The loss of the engine, its hydraulic pumps and the hydraulic lines that power vital controls rendered the craft uncontrollable.

The FAA grounded the DC-10s until their pylon assemblies could be inspected for cracks and faults. The jets were barely back in the air again when the confusion was compounded. The Safety Board had discovered the possibility that the inspection process itself might be creating a problem. During the searches, some airlines had adopted the time-saving practice of dropping the engine and the pylon from the wing as a unit and using a fork lift to move the assembly. McDonnell Douglas' maintenance manuals recommend removing the engine first, then the pylon, and remounting them one after the other. The Safety Board suspected that using a fork lift in this operation, which is restricted to a tolerance of one-sixteenth of an inch, could have caused banging that in turn damaged vital parts.

Once again, Bond acted tentatively. He grounded only the DC-10s that had been inspected by the short-cut method using the fork lift. The half steps by FAA gave Bond's critics an opening to demand more sweeping action. The Airline Passengers Association, a highly commercial Texas-based company that sells flight insurance, baggage tags and "prestigious membership" certificates to air travelers, sought an order in two separate actions in a Washington federal court requiring the FAA to ground all DC-10s until the plane's problems were solved. One judge deferred to the decision of the FAA. But Judge Aubrey Robinson, acting independently, disagreed. He granted a grounding decree, declaring that those who chose to fly should be protected. Otherwise, he said, they could suffer "irreparable damage," while "all the airlines lose is money."

In light of what was to happen, the FAA then proceeded to make itself look both defensive and overconfident. It urged Judge Robinson to delay the grounding until the agency could present a case showing that it had acted prudently. The judge agreed, postponing his order until

a hearing set for the following day.

Bond had gone to London on his way to attend the biennial Paris Air Show. Even before his agency's lawyers reached him to inform him of the judge's action, he had learned more startling news from his Washington advisers: definite hairline cracks had been found by American Airlines mechanics in the aft bulkhead fitting on two DC-10s (see diagram). Not only had the two jets been previously cleared, but fork lifts had not been used in their inspections. The same bulkhead, which had held a bolt that broke, was cracked on the doomed jetliner.

Bond flew back to Washington on a supersonic Concorde and at a jammed press conference announced his grounding order. Those latest cracks, he said, "changed my certitude from the position of high likelihood of no risk to a sufficient likelihood of risk" in the entire DC-10 en-

ed all DC-10s when, in fact, the defects have only shown up on the earlier, shorter-range (2,700 miles) No. 10 series. The later series 30 and 40 aircraft (4,000- to 4,600-mile range) are used mainly on transoceanic flights. The engine-and-pylon assembly, however, is almost identical on all three models.

The company also lashed out at airlines whose procedures have been "contrary to McDonnell Douglas recommended procedures." Although not named, American Airlines knew that it was one target of the attack. American Vice President Donald J. Lloyd-Jones insisted that two McDonnell Douglas representatives had watched the airline change its very first DC-10 pylon on April 17, 1977. He also claimed that the manufacturer had observed numerous such changes since then and never objected to the one-step method. He termed the McDonnell Dou-

simulators and actual flights. The process could take weeks or months—or longer.

Longtime critics of the jet claim it has more basic problems. They charge that the plane does not have as many redundant or fail-safe systems to handle an emergency as other wide-bodied jets. In particular, they cite the hydraulic systems. The DC-10 has three, whereas the Lockheed TriStar has four and the Boeing 747 has five. The DC-10 places its hydraulic lines along the leading—and more exposed—wing edge, rather than in the trailing edge, where the 747's and TriStar's are located. Critics also claim the hydraulic lines under the DC-10's cabin are more vulnerable than the systems of the other two jets. The FAA could decide that more redundant systems should be built into the DC-10—a process that would be time consuming and expensive.

Bond's final order grounding the

DALE WITTE



A row of United Airlines DC-10s wait out their grounding at Chicago's O'Hare Airport, site of worst U.S. air crash

gine-and-pylon assembly and its attachment to the wing. Even the process by which that part of the plane's design had been certified as airworthy by the FAA would be reviewed. Bond said he was fully aware of the possible impact on the manufacturer, the airlines and the rerouted passengers. "I did not come by the decision lightly. My concern is for safety."

The FAA grounding order had been personally handed to McDonnell Douglas President John C. Brizendine at an unusual meeting in his Los Angeles office at 3:48 a.m. Both he and the bearer of the news, Regional FAA Director Leon C. Daugherty, had been called from their homes to keep their rendezvous. The key passage of the order declared that the engine-and-pylon assembly "may not be of proper design, material, specification, construction and performance for safe operation."

McDonnell Douglas angrily attacked the FAA for making what it called an "extreme and unwarranted" decision. The company protested that the order ground-

ing charge "gratuitous and unnecessary." (The manufacturer withheld comment.)

The search for the cause of the DC-10 crash could be long and costly. Investigators, for example, are trying to determine just what effect the years of jolting landings and high-stress takeoffs have had on the key metal parts that hold the engine and pylon to the wing. They are even studying the possibility of "acoustical fatigue," the damage to metal that can be caused by oscillations of sound frequencies generated by the DC-10's engine and its associated metal structures. More than 100 FAA investigators are working with McDonnell Douglas to find the reasons for the problems. Other experts are subjecting pylons to stress, then tearing them down to see what damage might have been caused.

The whole engine-and-pylon assembly might have to be redesigned and manufactured with strengthened chrome steel, Duralumin and stainless steel fittings. These would be tested in wind tunnels,

DC-10 was sweeping, but there were critics who wanted him to go further. Most notably, the Air Line Pilots Association demanded that the entire DC-10 aircraft be re-examined from nose to tail. Declared ALPA President John J. O'Donnell: "The fight against FAA lethargy is just beginning." Bond was scheduled to be grilled by a House subcommittee this week on all aspects of his agency's handling of the DC-10 crisis.

No charge of FAA "lethargy" can be laid solely against Bond, an expert on aviation law and a private pilot himself. The most dramatic—and eventually disastrous—evidence of the agency's seeming reluctance to crack a whip over McDonnell Douglas was its timid handling of the DC-10's notorious cargo-door problem. FAA inspectors were aware that a cargo hatch blew off during certification tests in 1970. The agency ordered the problem corrected. Yet another door burst open over Windsor, Ont.,

Nation

in 1972, luckily without causing any deaths. Even then, the FAA reached "a gentleman's agreement" to let the manufacturer make its own fix in its own time. McDonnell Douglas failed to do so until after a Turkish Airlines DC-10 crashed near Paris in 1974, killing 346.

The new controversy over the DC-10 again raises the question of whether federal regulators work too closely with the industry they regulate to remain as critical as they should be. Certainly the DC-10 was rushed into production in the early 1970s in a successful race to catch up with the TriStar, its main rival. Were corners cut by both the manufacturer and its watchdogs in the heat of competition?

The FAA's Daugherty, who is deeply involved in the DC-10 investigation, insists that "we are not playing footsie with the industry. The manufacturers couldn't



The fallen engine No. 1 of American Airlines Flight 191
Vacillation in Washington, backbiting in the industry.

possibly be more concerned about safety." But even Daugherty concedes that two subtle kinds of pressure are at work as huge and enormously expensive aircraft development projects go forward. One is from the outside as politicians, mainly Congressmen anxious to bring jobs and

business to their districts, gently prod top FAA officials to expedite the process of approving a new plane's design and flight results. Another is what Daugherty calls "peer pressure": company engineers seeking to impress FAA examiners with their expertise in order to nudge a project along a shade faster than might be wise.

Daugherty's worries, which are also held by some in the industry, are by no means proof that corners were cut, but they do raise troublesome questions about the complicated relationship between the aviation interests and their regulators. The manufacturers, the

airlines and the FAA all are striving for safety, yet the evidence stemming from the DC-10 debacle is that procedures should be tightened even more, despite the excellent safety record of the industry. In the era of the wide-bodied jet, any failure can be a disaster.

Perils of a Planemaker

How will McDonnell Douglas Corp., the nation's largest defense contractor with 1978 sales of \$4.13 billion, weather the troubles afflicting its DC-10? Investors are taking a gloomy view. Since the Chicago disaster, the company's stock has dropped from \$28.25 to \$20.88.

Before the accident, the planemaker was looking good. It had more than \$750 million in cash and, after its slow start, its ten-year, \$1 billion investment in the DC-10 was about to pay off. The company needs 400 sales of the \$40 million plane to cover costs and start making profits. It has already delivered 281, received firm orders for 49, and taken options—which buyers could still cancel—for 50. Last year the Douglas commercial-plane side, which McDonnell had acquired in 1967, lost \$60.3 million, mainly because of unrecovered DC-10 costs. This was more than offset by the pre-tax profit of \$281 million earned by other departments, primarily the McDonnell military division, which makes the F-4 Phantom, F-15 Eagle and F-18A Hornet fighters.

But McDonnell Douglas will need every bit of its strength to remain healthy in face of the consequences of the Chicago crash. Its potential liabilities:

- Most of the heirs of the 275 victims will file lawsuits against McDonnell Douglas. Estimates put its potential payout at around \$100 million. The greatest part of the damages would be covered by insurers, but the company itself would have to pay any punitive awards.

- Airlines flying the DC-10 are losing \$5 million a day because of its decertification and grounding right at the

start of the peak summer travel season. If the suspension goes on long enough, many may sue McDonnell Douglas, but, again, insurance would probably cover most of the bill.

- McDonnell Douglas would have to pay for any Government-ordered repairs. Each of the 275 planes in service has two potentially troublesome pylons, holding the wing engines, that might have to be replaced. Cost: \$500,000 each. But more extensive design changes, for which the company probably has no insurance, could add to that \$275 million bill.

- Airlines already flying DC-10s will not be deterred from buying more. Reason: switching to alternative models would cause a costly lack of common parts, service and training. Yet the DC-10's troubles could cause new buyers to steer away from the plane and thus delay its break-even. Worse still, in the highly unlikely event of a permanent grounding, McDonnell Douglas would not only be sued by airlines that have paid a total of about \$10 billion for DC-10s but would also have to write off the plane's \$574 million of unrecovered development costs, more than triple last year's after-tax earnings.

Almost certainly, McDonnell Douglas will survive the travail of the DC-10. At worst, James ("Old Mac") McDonnell, the company's octogenarian chairman, would close the Douglas division and face a few tough years. Alternatively, the Pentagon could step in with a Lockheed-type federal bailout to protect its No. 1 supplier, though that will probably not be necessary. Military officers who have long been dealing with the company agree on one thing: "Old Mac is probably madder than hell that he ever picked up Douglas."



Partly completed DC-10 outside McDonnell Douglas in Long Beach

On to the Summit in Vienna

A historic treaty and a first meeting between rivals

After seven years of negotiations that ended in the announcement of agreement on a SALT II treaty on May 9, U.S. and Soviet diplomats in Geneva still had to work late every night last week on that very same treaty. Their task: to get the final Russian and English terms of the 76-page document into shape for Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev to sign next Monday in Vienna. Alternating between the drab Soviet mission near the U.N.'s Palais des Nations and the more spacious U.S. quarters overlooking the botanical garden and Lake Geneva, U.S. Envoy Ralph Earle and the Soviets' Victor Karpov found that the final dotting of *i's* and crossing of *t's* was unexpectedly difficult. Lamented one U.S. official: "We still don't know when the work will be finished."

Would it be done in time for the encounter that the whole world will be watching?

Said the American: "It better be."

The delay caused SALT critics in Washington to fear that the Soviets might be trying to shade some nuances in their favor. Senate G.O.P. Leader Howard Baker Jr. warned darkly about the pressures of "deadline diplomacy." But an Administration official insisted that there was no cause for concern. Even so, the two leaders may yet have to settle some of the fine print during their face-to-face sessions this weekend.

In contrast to the feverish activity in Geneva, summit preparations went on almost serenely in Vienna, where the treaty is to be signed at 1 p.m. in the Redoutensaal, a gold-and-white ballroom in the sprawling Hofburg, the Habsburg dynasty's Imperial Palace. Vienna officials were taking the summit preparations very much in stride. The Redoutensaal was occupied last week by negotiators at the interminable M.B.F.R. talks on troop reductions in Central Europe. Not until this week could workmen begin erecting bleacher seats for the 1,200 journalists expected to witness the SALT II signing. That the agreement on nuclear weapons will be signed in the Hofburg seemed fitting: the palace was a headquarters of the 1814-15 Congress of Vienna, which achieved a balance of power in Europe that lasted for nearly a century. SALT II will expire in 1985, but by then U.S. and Soviet leaders hope a more lasting agreement will have been negotiated.

In Moscow and Washington, where Brezhnev and Carter were being prepped by their staffs for the summit, the biggest uncertainty was the health of the ailing Soviet party chief (see ESSAY). Brezhnev seemed in good shape two weeks ago during his visit to Budapest, where he declared: "We shall go to Vienna fully prepared for an active and constructive dialogue." In Moscow, Andrei Kirilenko, who as the party's Central Committee Secretary-General is No. 2 to Brezhnev,

told U.S. Ambassador Malcolm Toon that both countries expected "a great deal" of the summit and expressed the hope that both would make "great efforts." A Soviet official told TIME: "While we can hope for frequent summits, we don't really know when the next one might be. So the American Government should at least try."

In Washington, Carter met on Monday and Tuesday with the National Security Council to review U.S. and Soviet military strength. At lunch with West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt on Wednesday, the President got some private advice on dealing with Brezhnev.



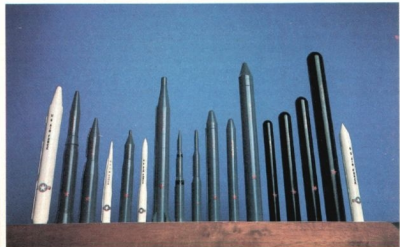
Leonid Brezhnev



Jimmy Carter

hours they will make a survey of world problems. After lunch—and a nap for Brezhnev—they will talk together for 1½ hrs. more. At this meeting they expect to settle any language disputes on SALT II and officially open discussion on SALT III, the next round of negotiations.

Sunday morning Carter will rejoin Brezhnev at the somber 19th century Soviet embassy for 3½ hrs. more of talks. Carter intends to ask for Soviet cooperation in the Middle East and southern Africa, but he harbors no illusions that Brezhnev will go along with U.S. strategy in those troubled areas. The President also plans to raise some arms-related issues, including a freeze on anti-satellite weapons, restraints on conventional arms sales, a ban on chemical warfare and a new effort to invigorate the stalled M.B.F.R. talks.



Display of model rockets compares white U.S. missiles with larger Soviet arsenal

"We will emphasize that détente is a two-way street, but we cannot expect much more."

Schmidt also lobbied in Washington for ratification of the SALT treaty. At a private dinner with six Senators and four Congressmen who are undecided about SALT, he warned that rejection of the treaty would seriously set back détente, which he called "vital for a rational world." Schmidt also spoke strongly in favor of the treaty at two public appearances in the U.S., including one at Harvard, where he received an honorary degree.

Carter planned to fly with Rosalynn and Amy to Vienna on Thursday. He will relax at U.S. Ambassador Milton Wolf's elegant white villa during much of the following day, then pay a courtesy call with Brezhnev on Austrian President Rudolf Kirchschläger.

Carter and Brezhnev will have their first business session on Saturday morning at the baroque U.S. embassy. For two

On Monday morning the two leaders will discuss bilateral matters. Carter will push Brezhnev for firm assurances that the Kremlin will continue its more liberal policy on emigration, particularly for Jews—the price the U.S. Congress has set for lifting restrictions on Soviet trade. The President will also urge Brezhnev to free Dissident Leader Anatoli Shcharansky from prison.

No surprises are expected at Vienna. Said a U.S. official: "The Soviets certainly don't want any." The summit's chief value will be that Carter and Brezhnev have finally got together and demonstrated that they consider détente to be very much alive. "We will urge greater cooperation between us and emphasize that détente is a two-way street, as we always have," said a senior Administration official, "but realistically, we cannot expect much more to be accomplished."



Mock-up of the new MX missile that will carry ten nuclear warheads

Movable Beast

Carter okays a supermissile

The nightmare of America's military experts, as they survey the 1,054 Minuteman and Titan missiles hidden beneath the Western plains, is that increased Soviet missile accuracy will soon make them all vulnerable to a surprise attack. Their answer: build a new missile that is both powerful and movable, so that the Soviets can never zero in on it.

Planning started eight years ago on such an MX, or Missile Experimental, but the weapon has long been surrounded by controversy over how it should be deployed. In underground trenches? Inside airplanes? Or moved around within a vast network of underground silos? Nor was there even agreement on the missile itself. One Administration faction favored a longer, heavier version of the proposed submarine-launched Trident II, which could be launched from either sea or land. Still others, worried about the estimated \$30 billion cost of deploying the 200 proposed missiles, denounced all versions.

The SALT II agreement permits only one new missile system between now and 1985, and President Carter wanted to reach his decision before meeting Leonid Brezhnev next Saturday. Since the Soviets have already complained about the MX as a provocation, he wanted to announce his move with as little fanfare as possible. So Deputy Press Secretary Rex Grannum last week merely confirmed previous press reports that Carter had ap-

proved the MX. America's first new ICBM in a decade will be the biggest allowed by SALT. Weighing 190,000 lbs., more than twice as much as Minuteman, it will carry ten warheads (compared with Minuteman's maximum of three), the same as the Soviets' main ICBM, the SS-18.

Undecided until next month is the question of how to base the missile. The Air Force continues to favor a "shell game," in which the 200 missiles would be randomly shifted by truck at night among 4,000 silos. One difficulty is that this plan would make it hard for the Soviets to verify, as SALT requires, that the U.S. is not cheating on the number of missiles actually in the holes. Also, if the Soviets find which holes contain missiles and then launch an attack, it would take too long to move the missiles.

The most likely plan now is some form of trenches, in which the MX can be moved around by rail. Each trench, about 20 miles long, might be "zippered" shut, so that it could be uncovered occasionally for Soviet verifiers. MX verification is imperative for the future of SALT, since any system that frustrated verification could presumably be duplicated by the Soviets.

Many residents of Western states, where the MX is expected to go, were leery of these additions to their landscape, especially after Air Force Chief of Staff Lew Allen referred to the area as a "sponge" that could soak up Soviet missiles, but the Governors of Nevada and Utah recently announced their support of the MX trenches. Besides, the U.S. has already spent \$5 million on environmental impact studies for its new weapon.



Prototype of an MX missile launch tube punching through the cover of a trench



Preview of the SALT Debate

"Killer amendments" ahead?

After Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev sign the SALT II treaty next week, it goes before the Senate for a ratification debate that will range over the whole relationship between the world's two superpowers. To help clarify some of the complex issues, TIME last week convened a panel of experts for an all-day conference in Manhattan. Among them were two of the key Senate staff members now polishing arguments for the showdown on the floor: Richard Perle, 37, a former consultant to the Defense Department, adviser to SALT Critic Henry Jackson of Washington and widely considered to be the best informed opponent of SALT in Senate staff circles, and Larry Smith, 43, for four years a strategic affairs specialist on the staff of the Senate Armed Services Committee and now administrative assistant to SALT Supporter Gary Hart of Colorado. Their forceful views suggested an important conclusion: instead of a simple either/or verdict, the Senate outcome may well turn on whether amendments can be devised that will allay the doubts of skeptical Senators without wrecking ten years of negotiations with the Soviets. Perle himself made it plain that the foes of SALT are likely to use amendments as the primary way to attack the treaty, with a reopening of negotiations as the ultimate goal. A summary:

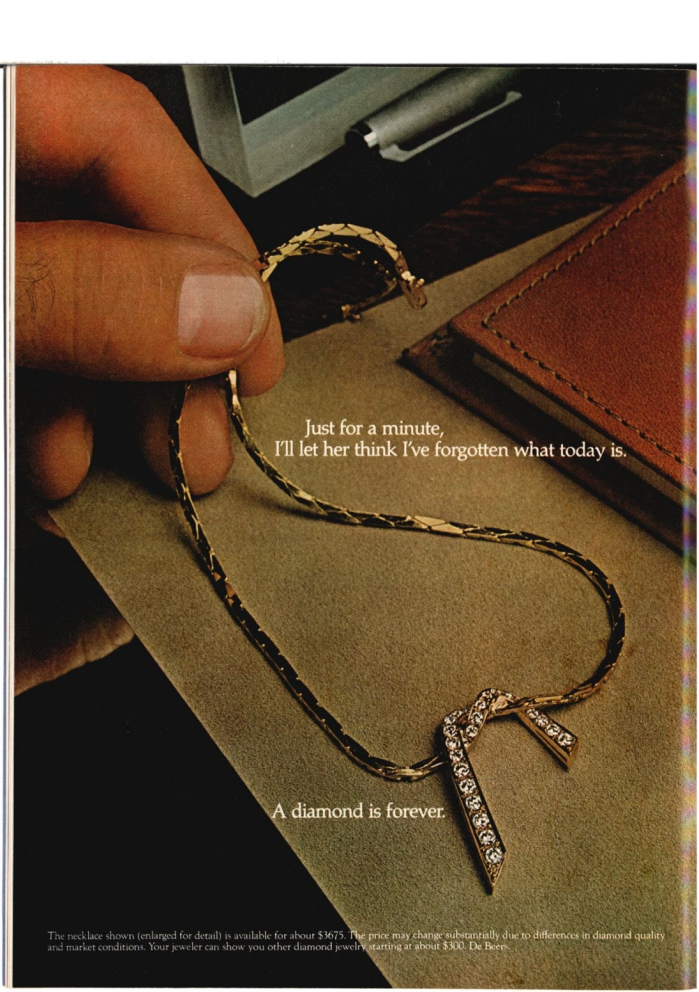
Perle: We're Falling Behind. The principal worry about SALT, Perle repeated over and over, is that the treaty as now drafted would permit the Soviets to continue their menacing strategic-arms buildup, while lulling the U.S. into a false sense of security that would prevent it from spending enough on defense. Said he: "In the last decade the Soviets have spent on strategic forces roughly \$100 billion more than the U.S. has spent. We have seen an enormous shift in the strategic balance. In virtually every category in which the Soviets were behind a decade ago, they are now ahead." SALT II, he believes, would do less to limit than to legitimize that buildup: "While it is true that the Soviets will in certain particulars be constrained from doing things that they otherwise would be free to do, there is enough freedom in the treaty to let them continue to invest in strategic forces at the rate at which they have been investing."

On the U.S. side, he contends, "the legalistic interpretation of the treaty that says that all of our research and development programs can go forward misses the fundamental point. They are not going to go forward. We can't go to the country and ask for the kind of increase in effort that is required, after having gone to the country to explain that this arms-control agreement is going to stabilize

**Heineken from Holland.
It didn't get to be America's
number one imported beer just by
looking this good.**



Heineken tastes tremendous—no wonder it's number one.

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a diamond necklace. The necklace is made of a gold-colored chain with a repeating diamond pattern. The hand is positioned at the top left, with the thumb and index finger holding the chain. The necklace is draped over a light-colored, textured surface, possibly a desk or table. In the background, a silver pen and a brown leather-bound notebook are visible. The lighting is soft, highlighting the diamonds on the necklace.

Just for a minute,
I'll let her think I've forgotten what today is.

A diamond is forever.

The necklace shown (enlarged for detail) is available for about \$3675. The price may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. Your jeweler can show you other diamond jewelry starting at about \$300. De Beers.

Nation

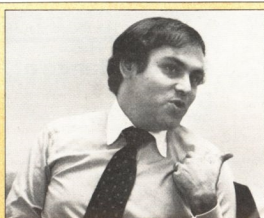
U.S.-Soviet relations and bring the strategic competition under control."

Perle found fault with many specific provisions of the agreement. On the key issue of verification, he complained that the Soviets could get away with various kinds of cheating: "There is a limit of 600 km on the range of ground- and sea-launched cruise missiles. We simply do not know how to verify the range of those missiles." On a more important point, he contended that it would be difficult to tell whether the Soviets are complying with the treaty's restrictions on introduction of new types of ICBMs (SALT II limits both the U.S. and U.S.S.R. to one each) without the aid of listening posts in Iran, now closed by the revolutionary government.

In Perle's mind, however, the danger is less that the Soviets will get away with secret weapons development than that the treaty allows too much Soviet development in the first place. Perle finds the restrictions on new missiles all but meaningless, since a missile is defined as new only if it differs by more than 5% from an existing missile in a few readily measurable ways—length and weight, for instance. The Soviets, says Perle, "can deploy a missile that uses a new fuel, that has a new booster employing new metallurgy, new alloys, with a new MIRV device, with new warheads, new rocket engines; indeed, it could have not a single part in common with a predecessor missile, and yet if it were roughly the same size and had three or four other similarities, it would not count as a new missile."

Perle's greatest fear, however, is not even the treaty itself but the political spirit in which it has been negotiated. During the ratification debate, he says, "the Administration will inevitably become an apologist for the Soviets. The most benign possible interpretation will be put on Soviet behavior in order to provide a climate for approving the treaty." And if SALT II is ratified, "the last thing we will want to do is complain about post-treaty Soviet behavior."

For all that, Perle insists, the skeptical Senators he advises will not try to defeat SALT II outright; rather they will propose amendments. His nose count: "The skeptics in the Senate number more than 34 [the one-third needed to defeat the treaty] but probably fewer than 51 [the simple majority needed to pass amendments]. The result is that the skeptics will be unable to amend the treaty without at least some minimal acquiescence from the Administration, but the Administration will be unable to ratify the treaty if it forces the 34-plus skeptics to the last resort"—i.e., a straight yes or no vote on the treaty, unchanged.



PERLE: "The Administration will become an apologist for the Soviets. The last thing we will want to do is complain about their behavior."

Perle suggested three possible amendments: 1) declaring that nothing in the treaty would prevent the U.S. from deploying a mobile missile system after 1981, shutting a missile between different silos; 2) lifting the 600-km limit on ground- and sea-launched cruise missiles, which Perle thinks would permit the U.S. to exploit its technological advantage; 3) counting the Soviet Backfire bomber as a potential strategic launcher, subject to SALT II's restrictions on launchers.

Would the Soviets agree to a painstaking renegotiation of the treaty? Says Perle: "I rather suspect that the benefits

SMITH: "The premise of SALT II is that both nations, indeed the human race, have a desperate stake in avoiding nuclear war."



to the Soviets from continuing the atmosphere of détente and relative restraint that the U.S. has shown over the past decade are sufficiently profound that the Soviets would prefer to keep negotiations going. If the Soviets were flatly to reject an amended treaty that provided for greater restraint, that would be a significant thing for the U.S. to know. In any case, I simply refuse to believe this treaty is beyond improvement."

Smith: Less Risk of War. SALT II, Smith insisted, will not weaken but strengthen the U.S. relative to the U.S.S.R. "The national security case is simply that the treaty bites the Soviets, and it does not bite us. They must reduce their aggregate strategic launcher force by about 10%" to get down to the treaty limit of 2,250 nuclear delivery vehicles. Said he: "It would rise without SALT probably around 25% in total nuclear strategic delivery vehicles. Further, the treaty limits the Soviet MIRV force... and there are a number of other particular Soviet systems that SALT will restrict. The only mobile ICBM the Soviets have available for deployment is the SS-16. They can't deploy it, they can't test it, they can't produce it" under the treaty.

In contrast, the U.S. can increase the number of strategic launchers by 190 before it bumps up against the SALT II ceiling of 2,250. Other American weapons programs, Smith asserted, also could go forward about as fast as Washington wants to push them. The treaty, "so far as I can tell, will not inhibit any U.S. R. and D. program. The Soviets tried to encumber our Trident 2 missile. We refused. The U.S. forces, our flexibility in planning them, are unencumbered."

Far from eroding U.S. will to defend itself, Smith insisted, ratification of SALT II would give political leaders a chance to reconstitute the broad middle-ground coalition—in favor both of arms control and of a strong defense—that ruled policy under Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, but was torn apart by the national divisions over Viet Nam and Watergate. Complaints about national will are irrelevant to a discussion of what is in the treaty itself, he argued. Addressing Perle directly, Smith declared: "Your arguments would have more force if you could demonstrate that we were unduly restricting our own options."

Smith insisted SALT II actually will enhance U.S. security in a way that transcends numbers of warheads and launchers: "Our ability to plan our strategic force and to counter effectively the elements of the future Soviet strategic force is made much more stable and rational by this agreement. We can manage our own R. and D. programs with much more economy and effect." The prime reason for

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

A Rocky Range of Summits Past

this is that U.S. planners will know with precision the maximum number of warheads and strategic launchers that the Soviet Union can deploy by 1985. They will no longer have to worry how to counter a "worst case" threat in which the Soviets would build as many rockets and warheads as they could. Said Smith: "The more grave you believe the Soviet threat to be, the more you are concerned about our solving our national security problems, then the more this treaty will help you to that end."

On verification, Smith said that though the Soviets might get away with some cheating, it would not be very important. "The Soviets have a class of sea-launched cruise missiles. They could covertly extend those missiles' range. But the significance of their being able to do that is very small. You can go down to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and see the U.S. class of cruise missiles that the Soviets have. They're like our Snarks, which are outside in the rain; we've taken them out of our force because they are inefficient."

Smith conceded that some amendments might be necessary to get SALT II ratified. His count of likely votes in the Senate differs from Perle's: "Roughly speaking there are 40 to 42 votes that you could project would be for the treaty and about 17 against. There are about 41 in between." Some "clarifying" amendments spelling out in detail what the U.S. understands by the treaty without substantively changing the treaty might be necessary to win over enough of the middle group.

But, Smith argued, the strategy of some of the Senators that Perle advises "really is to kill the treaty through amendments. Such amendments are designed to go over ground that has been negotiated for years by three Administrations, amendments designed to reverse the final compromise on a given issue. A case in point: insisting that the Backfire be counted as a heavy bomber" and thus as a strategic weapon. On the other hand, Smith said, an amendment could specify "that the U.S. has the prerogative of developing a similar bomber without having to count it against our total of strategic launchers. That's not a killer amendment, and it is one that presumably a number of the 41 undecided Senators might consider in beating an independent path to ratification."

In conclusion, Smith conceded that even with SALT II ratified, "competition with the Soviet Union will be durable, difficult, varied, intractable. But SALT can maybe make the use of nuclear weapons less likely. I don't believe that conclusion can be demonstrated mathematically or through sophisticated war-game analysis. But somehow we all know, deep down in our gut, that the simple premise of SALT is the recognition by both nations, indeed the entire human race, that we have a desperate stake in avoiding nuclear war." ■

Our hostility to the Soviet Union is deep, but our hope that there is an area of accommodation endures. In the onrushing SALT debate Jimmy Carter rejects the idea that we could "trust" the Soviets, but in the end his trip to Vienna shows a belief that the human spirit in both nations understands the hideous potential in nuclear arsenals.

It has been a long, tough journey for the U.S., and maybe if we could fully grasp the view from the Kremlin it would appear the same for the Soviets. But as Henry Kissinger said last week, the process rests "on the recognition of the responsibility to mankind."

Carter feels that as deeply as any President—maybe more so—and yet his dilemma in some ways is greater. The adversary is stronger, his own nation more in doubt about its strength.

Harry Truman never had this kind of summit opportunity, but he set the context for it. One night early in his presidency, while sitting in the Oval Office, he sadly abandoned his hope that the Soviet Union would be an ally in peace as in war. Glancing up from his desk, he told his counsel, Clark Clifford, that Stalin would have to be confronted in Greece and Turkey, and so the Truman Doctrine was launched. But even through the Berlin airlift and the Korean War, Truman searched for contacts with the Soviet Union, whether ballet dancers or scientists. Eisenhower continued to probe for the elusive understanding at Camp David and Paris, even as he sent the U-2 into Soviet airspace.



J.F.K. and Khrushchev at 1961 summit

Because John Kennedy flew to Vienna 18 years ago to meet with Nikita Khrushchev, that mission is most in mind as Carter prepares for a similar journey. The U.S. was buoyant then, Kennedy young and cocky. But even with our huge margin of terror still intact, J.F.K. was shaken by Khrushchev's seeming indifference to nuclear confrontation. The personal assessment these men made of each other was important. Khrushchev is believed to have decided that Kennedy could be intimidated, and the Soviet leader sent missiles to Cuba.

Far from being frightened, Kennedy was jolted into reality and got tougher, as he demonstrated in the 1962 showdown. In August 1968, at one of Lyndon Johnson's Tuesday lunches, Johnson was jubilant. He allowed his men a little sherry to celebrate the announcement scheduled the next morning that nuclear arms talks between the superpowers would begin, that Johnson and Kosygin would hold a summit to seal the deal. That afternoon Soviet tanks rolled into Czechoslovakia. The summit vanished. Nixon picked up the thread. He went to Moscow in 1972 as an unpredictable and dangerous opponent to the Soviets, the man who had just bombed and mined Haiphong. He succeeded in opening a channel to Brezhnev and invited him to Washington. That channel soon began to close. On the day that Brezhnev headed home from the U.S., John Dean began his Watergate testimony on the Hill. Nixon's political life was rushing toward its end, and the Kremlin sensed it. Gerald Ford was no master of the details of nuclear arms control at Vladivostok that November, but again the measure that he and Brezhnev took of each other proved important. This time it kept hope alive.

SALT II was almost ready for Carter by 1976. Just weeks before he took office he sat in his Plains living room and said rather casually that he thought he and Brezhnev would meet the next September. Perhaps we are all lucky that Carter's education about the Soviets came in the 29 months before a summit. A miscalculation by either man or the other could have been disastrous. The U.S. is hardly buoyant these days. Carter is far from cocky. He is weakened politically, but that may be matched by Brezhnev's poor health and the doubt that it casts over Soviet leadership. It is a pattern in the exercise of power that in times of stress, these leaders respond in an elemental human fashion. Their future actions will inevitably be keyed to their conclusions about the man sitting across a table in Vienna.

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On the average, the British save 13% of their disposable income. The West Germans save 15%. The Japanese, 25%. But Americans save only 6.5%!

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This is a disturbing fact, especially when you consider that much of the money needed for the economic growth of America can be traced back to personal savings accounts.

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Isn't it time the Congress of the United States gave a tax break to savers? This would encourage more savings, which would help stabilize the economy and bring inflation under control.

Helping people save money would help America.



America can't afford to wait much longer.

Over the past few months, you've probably seen the above message in which we urge a tax break for savers.

Since this message was published, it has been determined that Americans no longer save an average of 6.5% of their disposable income. Most recent figures for this year show that Americans are saving only 5.2%!

There is a reason why Americans are not saving. INFLATION! The pre-

vailing attitude is "Buy now before prices go higher." But the less Americans save, the more dangerous inflation will become.

To help prevent inflation from getting completely out of hand and to provide needed capital for economic growth, Americans should be given a significant tax break on the interest they earn on savings accounts.

It is time to give a tax break to savers. America can't afford to wait much longer.

Nation

A Self-Styled "Republicrat"

He cuts taxes and wins friends

The first thing that Lee Sherman Dreyfus did after taking office last January as Wisconsin's 41st Governor was to hold three separate inaugural balls and invite everyone in the state to attend. He stocked the closets of the Governor's mansion with two dozen apple-red vests, his personal trademark, and ordered a deluxe blue Chevy van to replace the official limousine. Not long after that, he signed a \$946-million tax cut, the biggest in the state's history, which gave delighted Wisconsinites a reprieve from state income taxes in their May and June paychecks. "It's kind of a hard act to follow," jokes Dreyfus, 52, a pudgy, mustachioed man. "I think we may have peaked a little early for a four-year term."

If this sounds unconventional, so is the avuncular Dreyfus, whose wife Joyce refers to him affectionately as "Flannel Mouth." After his upset victory over Democratic Incumbent Governor Martin Schreiber, he is emerging as a bright new Republican figure.

A former professor of mass communications who became chancellor of the University of Wisconsin's Stevens Point campus at 41, Dreyfus is a self-styled "Republicrat." He only joined the G.O.P. in December of 1977. "If you're going to take 'em over, the least you can do is join 'em," he says. An accomplished orator, he challenged and beat Congressman Robert Kasten, the official party choice, in the 1978 primary. He then went on to defeat Schreiber on a platform of open government, curtailed spending and tax relief. It was quite a feat for a political neophyte—polls a year ago showed that only 3% of Wisconsinites recognized his name.

Dreyfus carried out his pledges. Before even proposing a budget, he got the Democratic-controlled legislature to pass a tax-cut bill, which in effect returned the state's huge tax surplus to the people without cutting services. "First you decide how much money there is, and then you decide what you're going to spend it on," he argued. He opened off-limits meetings to journalists, and he announced that there would be a new fiscal restraint. Although he has proposed a budget that is 20% higher than the previous one, Dreyfus maintains that "my key program is no more new programs."

Dreyfus' real feat to date, though, has been his rejuvenation of the state Republican Party, all but moribund since 1970. Preaching that the party must become more progressive to survive, he has crisscrossed the state, drawing crowds of 500 and 600 at rallies that once attracted only 50 or 60. His efforts to court new party members, particularly



Dreyfus in front of the state capitol

"Kind of a hard act to follow."

among the independents who helped elect him, have paid off. G.O.P. membership is up about 1,500 in the first five months of 1979, and party contributions are expected to increase \$100,000 over previously projected figures for the year. "Dreyfus has brought in a large number of independents who were dissatisfied with the old tweedledum and tweedledee routine," says Milwaukee Sociologist Wayne Youngquist.

His shrewd party building has earned Dreyfus the attention of national Republican leaders, including presidential hopefuls. John Connally breakfasted not long ago at the Governor's mansion with Dreyfus, and Howard Baker flew him in a leased Learjet to a party meeting in Indianapolis. Dreyfus has even been mentioned as a vice-presidential prospect, but he scoffs at that notion.

At the very least, the novice Governor, who nibbles on raisins and unsalted peanuts for lunch and often plays jazzy tunes late at night on the stately grand piano in his official mansion, is off to an impressive start. "The electorate is angry with the political process," says one Wisconsin Democrat, "and Dreyfus is just as much a product of that attitude as Proposition 13." A recent statewide poll gave Dreyfus a 75% rating on competence and integrity—and a whopping 70% of Democrats gave him their vote of confidence.

Act of Faith

Anderson declares he's in

For the past six months, tall, white-haired Republican Congressman John Anderson of Illinois has spent much of his time careering around his home state in a battered, red Pontiac station wagon. His mission: to discover whether he had enough support to enter the presidential race. Last week his hopeful answer appeared inevitable when his wife Keke bought him a new, dark blue suit. Proudly wearing it, Anderson, 57, the chairman of the House Republican Conference and thus third-ranking member in the leadership, became the seventh G.O.P. candidate.* Said the ten-term Congressman: "I have been in the leadership for ten years. After watching Carter, I have no reservation about my ability to do the job."

Anderson's bid is obviously a long shot. He himself concedes that it is an "effort built on faith." Bright and articulate, the Harvard Law School graduate and former foreign service diplomat is little known outside Washington, and his staff consists mainly of a dozen young volunteers.

To make matters worse, Anderson has a generally liberal voting record in a party that is increasingly conservative. Although he is conservative fiscally, he voted against the antibusing amendment and for extension of the Equal Rights Amendment. He supports freedom of choice on abortion and opposes the death penalty. In foreign affairs, he has consistently supported the Panama Canal treaties and normalizing diplomatic relations with China. "I don't care whether you call me a conservative or a liberal, so long as you give me credit for having ideas," he says.

Anderson argues that his views represent a strength rather than a weakness: "I believe in the center, I believe in the good sense of the people, and I don't think they want to stray very far from the center." He hopes that his many rivals will divide the conservative vote, while he will be the voice of liberal Republicans in the

early New England primaries and then in his native Middle West. If he could make a strong showing, he might just convince the party regulars that only a moderate is "electable." That is hardly likely, however. ■

*The others so far: former Texas Governor John Connally, former CIA Director George Bush, Senator Robert Dole, Representative Philip Crane, Los Angeles Businessman Benjamin Fernandez, and Perennial Candidate Harold Stassen.



Anderson

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World

COVER STORY

A Triumphant Return

The Pope and his people draw power from each other

It was like a carnival, a political campaign, a crusade and an enormous Polish wedding all in one. Almost from the moment his Alitalia 727 plane deposited Pope John Paul II in Warsaw and he knelt, in his gleaming white cassock, to kiss the earth of Poland, his countrymen converged upon him in joyful and dumbfounding millions. Babies, brought to be kissed or blessed. Grandmothers in bandannas. The teen-age young flocking to him like rock fans afflicted with Beatlemania. Hard-faced coal miners, pampered by the workers' party, gathering around him by tens of thousands and roaring out the words of the hymn *Christus Vincit* (Christ Conquers), while the first Polish Pope in the history of the Catholic Church sang right along with them in his fine baritone.

The June air was torn by the peal of church bells, the buzz of helicopters, the crackle of loudspeaker commands, the waves of thundering applause, the melodious drone of old hymns, the murmur of Masses being said, dozens of them, beneath the burning sun of an early Polish summer.



John Paul meeting with Party Secretary Edward Gierek

Riding in an open car the Pope rolled through city and town. Spires, lampposts, postmen's bicycles, railroad stations, pretty girls' balconies, all were ablaze with flowers, and the tails of innumerable papal banners, yellow and white, the colors of the Supreme Pontiff from distant Rome, fluttered against a blue sky.

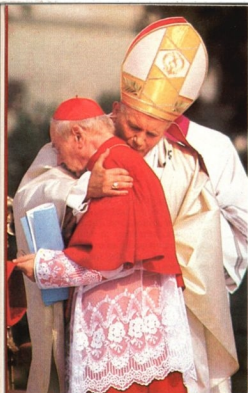
It was a performance unique in the annals of the papacy. In all, John Paul made an astonishing three dozen public appearances. When he took to helicopters, often to go quickly to meet with work-worn peasants, a thousand journalists

struggled to follow. Wherever he went, the people had walked and driven for miles, and then stood for hours, shoulder to shoulder, some even dropping in exhaustion, merely to glimpse the man. Most unpontifically, the Roman Pontiff plunged among them, raising children high in the air, throwing a hammerlock on old acquaintances, hugging and blessing the pilgrims. He seemed to convey always an almost tangible sense of strength and an extraordinary, low-burning joy—joy in adversities endured, joy in the signs of national pride and faith that he saw before him, joy in being a Christian, in being human.

There were sobering moments, too, on this unprecedented journey. At Czestochowa, where the revered painting of the *Black Madonna* is enshrined, the Pope led half a million pilgrims in an elaborate consecration of Poland and the universal church to Mary, the "Queen of Poland" whose veneration runs deep in the Polish consciousness. On Thursday, caught in a whipsaw of emotions, he went immediately from a fond visit to his picturesque home town of Wadowice to the still standing symbol that epitomizes hu-

With crucifix at the shrine Jasna Gora (left); a sea of worshippers fills Warsaw's Victory Square for open-air Mass





The Pope embracing Cardinal Wyszyński; a nun watching from a decorated window; flag-draped archways in Gniezno

man evil: Auschwitz. The concentration-camp site, he told a huge, hushed throng, is "the Golgotha of the modern world."

Shedding Vatican rhetoric, he spoke to the people in folksy Polish, just as he sang folk songs and ballads and made bad jokes. One night in Gniezno, after an open-air Mass for 100,000 young people, he began to lead them in a songfest of popular tunes, starting the huge crowd into favorite after favorite. The youngsters pressed him into encore after encore, and would not let him go until finally he picked up the microphone and half sang to them: "Your buses are ready, your buses are ready."

All over the country the people sang and waved and prayed and wept with him, and he sang and waved and wept with them, and they drew power from each other. In Czestochowa, a vast expanse of several hundred thousand worshippers, at a single hand gesture of the Pope, sank to the earth, like a field of instantly scythed wheat, to pray.

Charisma was not the word to describe what had happened. Returning to his homeland for the first time since he was chosen Pope last October, Karol Wojtyla, John Paul II, stirred an outpouring of trust and affection that no political leader in today's world could hope to inspire, let alone command.

If the journey to Poland was a kind of spontaneous show business of the spirit, there were plenty of political overtones. And when the visit was over, it seemed as if the spiritual geopolitics that involve European Communism and Christianity, East and West, church and state, might never again be quite the same. John Paul



A pretty girl and papal poster
"Your buses are ready."

had a mission on his mind, just as he did in visiting Mexico. There the Pope laid out a clear but complex policy for social action in Latin America and, by extension, for his worldwide church of 700 million. In Poland, the contest between Christ and Marx is far more explicit than in Latin America. Every papal gesture, every deft historical reference had political connotations in this setting. The week saw the first great public outpouring of religious and nationalistic fervor permitted since the Communists took command of Eastern Europe. Even though he never once mentioned the Communist Party or the Soviet Union by name, the new Pope was surprisingly blunt in challenging the power of the Kremlin on the issue of human freedom.

In Poland, the visible contrast between the church and the ruling regime, even after it has been in power for more than 30 years, was devastating, and John Paul took full psychological advantage of it. His message to the 77-member Polish Bishops' Conference and to tightly smiling Party First Secretary Edward Gierek was the same: the church must be free to accomplish its mission in the world.

The papal vision went beyond Poland, and beyond Catholicism. John Paul reached out eloquently to "the Silent Church," the hosts of oppressed congregations in the Soviet orbit that fare worse than Christians in Poland. In one remarkable sermon, the Pope wondered aloud about God's purposes in the election of an East European as the first non-Italian Pope in 455 years. He called himself history's "first Slav Pope," whose succession to the Apostle Peter forms a bond of blood



In Gniezno, the first see of Polish Christendom, a swirl of posters and banners and photographs in a crowd waiting for the holy visitor

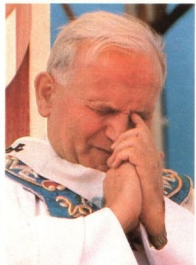
not only with Poles but with other Slavic peoples, including Czechs, Slovaks, Slovenes, Serbs, Croats, Bulgarians, Ukrainians and, most dramatically, Russians—some 220 million Slavs in all. Rhetorically, at least, that included the great Orthodox churches of East Europe. The Pope seemed to envision an eventual pan-European Christian alliance against the secular materialism of both East and West.

It would be sad to believe," he said, "that each Pole and Slav in any part of the world is unable to hear the words of the Pope, this Slav. I hope they hear me." Many did, but no thanks to the Communist state media. Soviet television carried a 30-second clip on the Pope's arrival, but refused to show its audience the hundreds of thousands who turned out to greet him. Darkly, the TV commentator explained that "some circles in the Polish church are trying to use [the visit] for antistate purposes." The Soviet press ran a two-sentence news report. Most of the satellite nations followed Moscow's lead, but Radio Free Europe, the BBC and Voice of America filled the gap, beaming extensive radio coverage of the visit. Yugoslavia's weekly *NIN* remarked: "It is hard to tell where pastoral work stops and politics begins," while Albania's party daily fumed: "The old desires of all the oppressors, the slave-owners, religionists and Popes to rule in peace are now being crushed" by the working masses.

Poland's own television provided more extensive coverage, but played down the crowd size and response. Meanwhile,



Nuns waiting for a glimpse of John Paul



A moment of emotion at Czestochowa

"Suffering from spiritual starvation."

officials did their best to belittle the turnout, offering reporters a ridiculously low estimate of 120,000 for one of the Czestochowa Masses. The audiences were "disappointing," one official declared, and Czestochowa's mayor let it be known that he had laid in 400 tons of bread a day to feed 1.5 million visitors and had a lot of it left over.

At the Czestochowa shrine there was one brief scuffle between police and pilgrims. A priest also took the microphone to announce: "Let us pray for those who cannot reach Czestochowa because they are stopped." The regime denied the persistent reports that it was hindering pilgrims in order to cut down the crowds. Supposedly, roadblocks were set up to prevent traffic jams in the cities, but a Western diplomat ran into one a full 19 miles away from Cracow before the Pope's arrival there. Church officials reported to friends that in various cases the buses for pilgrims that were promised in order to ease road congestion had never been delivered.

Even before his welcoming Mass in Warsaw, John Paul issued his first challenge to the Polish regime. It was presented in the guise of a formal greeting to Party Secretary Giersek. "It is [the church's] mission to make man more confident, more courageous, conscious of his rights and duties, socially responsible, creative and useful. For this activity the church does not desire privileges, but only and exclusively what is essential for the accomplishment of its mission."

Poland gives the church far more leeway than most Communist countries, but the Pope and his bishops want fundamen-



At the site of Birkenau, an extension of Auschwitz, the crowd peers through barbed wire as the Pope conducts a memorial Mass

tal guarantees: freedom to publish books and periodicals, to broadcast, to build churches and name bishops without interference, the opportunity for Christians to earn jobs and degrees and educate their children in the faith without discrimination. The Pope told Giersek that church-state détente in Poland could be "one of the elements in the ethical and international order in Europe and the modern world, an order that flows from respect for the rights of the nation and for human rights."

An early Sunday morning Mass that the Pope celebrated just before leaving Warsaw brought a convincing demonstration that Polish Catholicism has deep roots among the young. The congregation outside St. Anne's Church consisted of youths, tightly packed into the square and surrounding streets. Here, as elsewhere, people continually passed out from the heat (as high as 93°) while the Pope addressed his "children." At last he said that he would bless any crosses that the young congregation had brought. Suddenly thousands of crucifixes of all shapes and sizes were thrust out of the crowd and waved aloft. Said the Pontiff: "I hope you will be faithful to this sign always."

In the continuing heat, the Pope went by helicopter to Gniezno and told the welcoming crowd there with a grin, "It was so hot in Rome that I decided I must come to Poland." It was at Gniezno, where Polish Christendom's first see was established in A.D. 1000, that John Paul made his sweeping opening to the East. The day was Pentecost, the feast marking the birth of the New Testament church, when the Apostles began to speak in a profusion of languages. This miracle of tongues was held as proof of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the church, and is also interpreted as an early sign of Christianity's future mission to the world.

In that context, John Paul speculated on the ethnic significance of his election as Pope last Oct. 16. "Is it not the in-

tention of the Holy Spirit that this Polish Pope—this Slav Pope—should at this precise moment manifest the spiritual unity of Christian Europe? Although there are two great traditions, that of the West and that of the East, to which it is indebted, through both of them Christian Europe professes 'one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all.'"

The Pope was quoting the Apostle Paul, who in *Ephesians 4:5-6* called on first-generation church congregations to overcome their internal divisions. In doing so, he enunciated an ecumenical policy of broad social import. Vatican analysts had already expected that this Pope from the East might seek to heal the 11th century break with the Eastern Orthodox churches more ardently than to mend the 16th century split-off of Protestantism. The Pope's sermon surveyed the centu-

ries of missionary activity in present-day Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and, finally, Soviet Lithuania.

That night a papal sing-along for young people occurred. Before he put aside his prepared text to lead the music, the Pope lectured his audience on Polish Catholic culture. "Be nobly proud of it," he said. "Multiply it. Hand it on to future generations." A bittersweet moment came as John Paul led the young people in a mountaineer's ballad: "Don't you miss your country, your fields and pastures, your valleys and streams?" In the song, the mountaineer cannot return because he has been called to heaven, and no one missed the parallel with "Lolek" Wojtyla, who had been called away to duty in Rome.

The Pope spent three days in the shrine city, Czestochowa, where he led the ceremony of consecration to the Virgin. Inside the fortress-like Jasna Gora (Bright Mountain) monastery is the *Black Madonna* painting, attributed by legend to St. Luke. "There are people and nations, Mother," the Pontiff prayed, "that I would like to say to you by name. I entrust them to you in silence. I entrust them to you in the way that you know best." Poles believe that prayer to her image by the Jasna Gora monks staved off invading Swedish armies in 1655. Since 1656 Mary has been proclaimed "Queen of Poland," a title that in today's context implies that Polish sovereignty resides beyond the Communist Party.

It is known that John Paul would dearly love to return to Poland a second time in 1982 for the 600th anniversary of the installation of the *Black Madonna* at Czestochowa, and at the shrine he made a teasing reference to this hope. He said that the Prefect of the Pontifical Household and the Chief of Vatican Protocol were "novices" in Poland but "they must get used to it." These are officials who must accompany a Pope on trips. A return would be subject to another round of negotiations with the regime, and as the Pope twice suggested during his tour,



Praying for the dead at Auschwitz

"The Golgotha of the modern world."

the Polish government had kept Pope Paul VI from coming to celebrate the millennium of Christianity in Poland in 1966.

In a lighter moment at Czestochowa, John Paul said at a Mass for priests: "In Rome they say the best things the Pope says are not in his prepared texts. You are enjoying yourselves now, but I will have a row later on for being late for my next appointment." The fact that the Pope's Italian staff objected to his ad-libbing and fretted about his getting behind schedule became a standing joke between the Pope and the Polish crowds.

On Monday evening the Pope sat before the shrine listening to the incongruous sound of a Catholic folk-rock band that blasted out *We Want God* and other religious songs. When the musicale ended, John Paul confessed, "I have a sweet tooth for song and music. This is my Polish sin. Now I must go; otherwise I will lose my image."

The Polish ecclesiastical hierarchy held a nationwide meeting to coincide with the Pope's visit. John Paul's speech to a closed-door session was the most significant statement of his trip. In the Christian-Marxist confrontation, the Pope said, "authentic dialogue must respect the convictions of believers, ensure all the rights of citizens and also the normal conditions for the activity of the church as a religious community to which the vast majority of Poles belong." The dialogue "cannot be easy," he added bluntly, "because it takes place between two concepts of the world that are diametrically opposed."

Underlying the rhetoric lay an important shift in Vatican policy that the new Pope has introduced. Popes John XXIII and Paul VI inaugurated Vatican *Ostpolitik* in contrast to the policies of Pius XII, the coldest of cold warriors, who even found Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, the venerable Primate of Poland, too soft on Communism. Their theory was that concessions for the Polish church could best be won by high-level negotiations between the Vatican and Warsaw. Now, just as he had done when he was a Polish bishop himself, John Paul was announcing that the Polish church leaders ought to do the bargaining directly.

Before leaving Czestochowa, the Pope demonstrated how completely Poles look to the church rather than to the party for leadership. The regime had balked at John Paul's plan to visit the miners in the industrial heartland of Silesia, presumably because it would have been too explicit an embarrassment to have even the workers eating out of his hand. But he held a Mass for workers at the shrine, which drew a special delegation of miners with *czaka* (plumed ceremonial hats), their wives in traditional peasant dress with brilliant red bandannas on their heads. The crowd of a quarter-million waved papal and Polish flags, applauded deliriously and several times broke into *Sto Lat* (May you live 100 years), a tra-

The Polish Sayings of John Paul II

To the congregations of the "Church of Silence": Is it not Christ's will that this Pope, in whose heart is deeply engraved the history of his own nation from its very beginning, and also the history of brother peoples and neighboring peoples, should in a special way manifest and confirm in our age the presence of these peoples in the church and their specific contribution to the history of Christianity? He [the Pope] comes here to speak before the whole church, before Europe and the world, of those often forgotten nations and peoples. He comes here to cry "with a loud voice." He comes here to embrace all these peoples, together with his own nation, and to hold them close to the heart of the church.

Religion and the Polish past: When national and state structures were lacking, society, for the most part Catholic, found support in the hierarchical order of the church. And this helped society to overcome the times of the partition of the country and the times of the occupation. It helped society to maintain, and even to deepen its understanding of, the awareness of its own identity. Perhaps certain people from other countries may consider this situation "untypical," but for the Poles it has an unmistakable eloquence. It is simply a part of the truth of the history of our own motherland.

In Warsaw's Victory Square: The exclusion of Christ from the history of man is an act against man. Without Christ it is impossible to understand the history of Poland, especially the history of a people who have passed or are passing through this land. It is impossible without Christ to understand this nation, with its past so full of splendor and also of terrible difficulties.



Pope at mike

For Poland's Unknown Soldier: I wished to kneel before this tomb to venerate every seed that falls into the earth and dies and thus bears fruit. All that, the history of the motherland shaped for a thousand years by the succession of generations—among them the present generation and the coming generation—and by each son and daughter of the motherland, even if they are anonymous and unknown like the soldier before whose tomb we are now. All that, including the history of the peoples that have lived with us and among us, such as those who died in their hundreds of thousands within the walls of the Warsaw ghetto. All that, I embrace in thought and in my heart.

On the future task of Christianity: Christianity must commit itself anew to the formation of the spiritual unity of Europe. Economic and political reasons cannot do it. We must go deeper, to ethical reasons. All the episcopates and churches in Europe have here a great task to perform.

At the shrine of the Black Madonna: The history of Poland can be written in different ways; especially in the case of the history of the last centuries, it can be interpreted along different lines. But if we want to know how this history is interpreted by the heart of the Poles, we must come here, we must listen to this shrine, we must hear the echo of the life of the whole nation in the heart of its mother and queen. And if her heart beats with a tone of disquiet, if it echoes with solicitude and the cry for the conversion and strengthening of consciences, this invitation must be accepted.

Indirectly to the Soviet Union: International reconciliation depends on recognition of and respect for the rights of each nation. The chief rights are the rights to existence and self-determination—to its own culture and the many forms of developing it. We know from our own country's history what has been the cost to us of infraction, violation and denial of these inalienable rights.

On the Jewish people (at Auschwitz): I kneel before all the inscriptions that come one after another bearing the memory of the victims, before the inscription in Hebrew. This inscription awakens the memory of the people whose sons and daughters were intended for total extermination. This people draws its origin from Abraham, our father in faith, as was expressed by Saul of Tarsus. The very people that received from God the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" itself experienced in a special measure what is meant by killing. It is not permissible for anyone to pass by this inscription with indifference.

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ditional song that resembles the refrain, "For he's a jolly good fellow," then kept yelling for more songs. Replied the Pope: "I was the Metropolitan of Cracow too long not to know that the Silesians never get enough." After he arrived at Cracow, his former see, in historic Wawel Cathedral white-clad priests jostled and shoved each other to reach their former superior and kiss his ring.

Thursday morning brought the Pope back to Wadowice (pop. 15,000), where he was born and grew up. The village's central plaza was officially renamed Red Army Square, but the townspeople still call it Market Square. The Pope had a quick snack as he chatted with Monsignor Edward Zacher, the aging priest who was the Pope's first religious instructor. He also went to see the font where he was baptized.

The Pope startled his former neighbors with another new nugget of family information. Said he: "My prayer is for so many people who have died, beginning with my parents, my brother and my sister, whom I never knew because she died before I was born." Papal aides later explained that the girl, born three years before the Pope, lived only one day. His mother Emilia died years after that while giving birth to a second daughter, who was stillborn.

Only 25 miles away lay Auschwitz and the adjoining concentration camp, Birkenau. The Pope visited the cell of a beatified Franciscan priest, Martyr Maximilian Kolbe, who offered his own life to save a fellow prisoner. The prisoner, Franciszek Gajowniczek, was there, along with other survivors of the camp (including some 200 priests), eager to roll up their sleeves and show the tattooed serial numbers on their arms. Said one of the first inmates, an old man who had been injected with typhoid in a Nazi medical experiment: "Our religion helped us survive the greatest hell on earth." Said another: "One miracle is that I did not die in this camp. The second is that we have a Polish Pope."

John Paul spoke with obvious emotion, sometimes seeming short of breath, often lowering his voice for emphasis. Six hundred thousand people listened in rapt attention, surrounded by the grim watchtowers and barbed wire. "It is impossible merely to visit [Auschwitz]," said the Pope, who served in the anti-Nazi underground and hid Jewish refugees. "It is necessary to think with fear of how far hatred can go, how far man's destruction of man can go, how far cruelty can go."

By now John Paul was tiring. That Thursday evening, after he had retired in the house of the Archbishop of Cracow, the Pope was called out onto the balcony by a crowd of serenaders. When he appeared in his shirtsleeves, the crowd shouted the usual, "May you live 100 years." Asked the Pope: "Do you really want your Pope to live 100 years?" Shout-

ed the crowd: "Yes!" Replied the Pope with a smile: "Then let me get some sleep."

When the Pope spoke on Friday, his voice was noticeably hoarse. The occasion was a helicopter trip to Nowy Targ, home of the *gorale* (mountain people). The Pontiff pointed out that he was a *goral* himself, as was one of the prelates who accompanied him: Polish-American John Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia. The Pope, when an archbishop, enjoyed visiting friends and skiing in the area and the turnout surpassed even those at Czestochowa. But it could have been larger. The Pope made an off-the-cuff, explicit reference to the reports that pilgrims from other Communist states had been turned



With disabled woman on Saturday
Plunging unpointedly among the people.

away at the Polish border. "The borders should not stop our brothers from coming," he said.

In his sermon in the mountains he spoke out against alcohol abuse and immorality that threaten family life. The lament on alcoholism supported a theme that the regime is also pressing, but another of the Pope's moral concerns this day, abortion, put him in direct opposition to official Polish policy. The Pope's Saturday schedule was relaxed, with a midday visit to the Cistercian shrine at Mogila, and a poignant meeting with the sick and disabled at a Cracow basilica.

"What will we do with this Slav Pope?" they will say," John Paul joked to fellow Poles, describing the nervousness of his Italian aides. But the question will

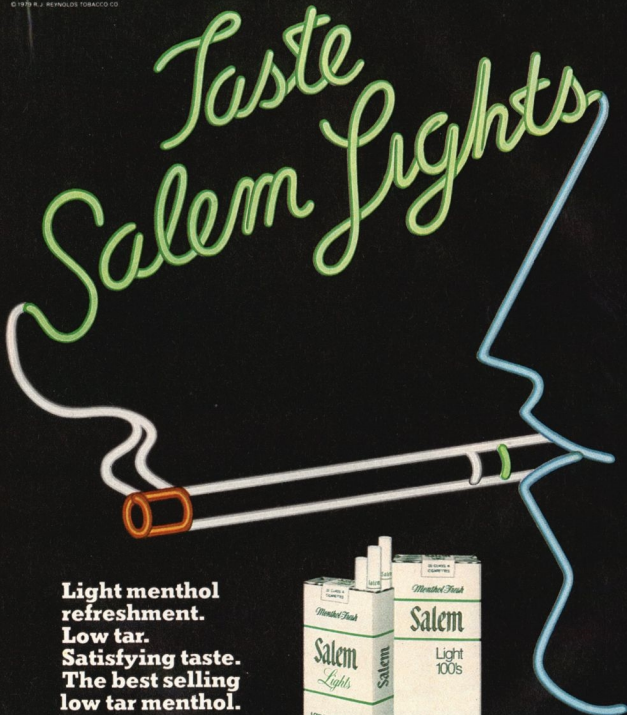
more likely be asked by Communist Party leaders all over Eastern Europe, most crucially perhaps by the Soviets. It is in the Kremlin, more than anywhere else, that the conditions under which the East bloc churches live could be quickly changed, for better or worse. Just as the real area of agreement between the Polish party and the Polish church was a fear of domestic disorder that might activate the Red Army divisions stationed in Poland, so John Paul's statements were notably diplomatic only in his deft omission of any mention of his prime targets. When the Pope spoke with patriotic fervor of the way in which the church had helped preserve the Polish nation in the past century, he had no need of reminding Polish audiences of the well-remembered horrors of the czarist-era partition.

More pointed restraint was necessary when the Pope recalled that in 1944 the city of Warsaw rose up to wage "an unequal battle against the aggressor... in which it was buried under its own ruins." During that battle, he noted, the city was "abandoned by the Allied powers." He spoke of Allies in the plural, but only one was involved. Stalin halted his troops a few miles outside the city and left the Polish underground army to be massacred. But the Pope also made a poignant statement about the wartime sufferings of the Soviet people.

A great part of the tension is due to Polish nationalism and to the traditional enmity between Poles and Russians, which complicate any prediction of the future and any estimate of what John Paul's visit may achieve. What will happen now? Will the visit stir even more nationalistic fervor in Poland and elsewhere and eventually help weaken the hold of the Soviet Union? Will the Soviets pressure Giersek because he indulged the Pope in his desire to visit? Will the Warsaw government feel the need to reassert itself by cracking down on Catholicism?

Though analysts have worried about such a post-visit backlash and Moscow remained ominously silent about the Polish spectacle, TIME Eastern Europe Bureau Chief Barry Kalb reports that the Pope's visit is unlikely to produce any dramatic result. The Kremlin reluctantly recognizes that the Polish government needs Catholic support and that it could not indefinitely avoid a visit by the most celebrated Pole since Copernicus. Giersek has gradually improved relations with the church and, since that policy has strengthened his regime and his nation, he is not expected to alter it.

Alexander Tomsy, an émigré from Czechoslovakia who monitors East European church life at Britain's Keston College, expects that within Poland "nominal Catholics are going to be unwilling to make the small daily compromises to keep the party and the system satisfied." Beyond Poland, Tomsy thinks



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that the arrival of John Paul occurs "at a time when the Soviet Union is tired ideologically. In this climate, the revival of Polish Catholicism will be exciting to all believers. The Pope has told people in effect, that they should be dissidents." And if the Pope's ecumenical thrust toward Orthodox succeeds, "it could bring the fire of Poland into the Russian heartland. The other governments in Eastern Europe will try to do everything to isolate their people from the events in Poland, but who can now predict what will happen?"

In most other Communist nations, churches and political dissidents are in incomparably weaker situations because they do not have a single church that enjoys the backing of virtually the entire populace. As in Poland, the freedom of the Catholic Church in each Communist nation generally reflects the degree of liberty permitted in politics and communication.

In Yugoslavia, which was expelled from the Stalinist Cominform in 1948, the church faces typical Communist harassments in attenuated form. In Hungary, it is precisely 30 years since Josef Cardinal Mindszenty was drugged, stripped naked and whipped with a rubber truncheon in preparation for his Communist Party show trial as a traitor. Today Catholic bishops are installed in every see, but the bureaucracy has control even of the assignment of priests, and it tightly restricts seminary enrollment. Czechoslovakia is nearly a throwback to Stalinism. Only three bishops, all aging, hold permanent appointments among the 13 sees. Two seminaries exist, all but empty, and there is a freeze on admission to religious orders.

The Catholic population is small in four other nations: heavily Lutheran East Germany (whose Christian daily ran a front-page story on the papal tour); Rumania, where Eastern-rite Catholics were forced into the Orthodox Church in 1948 by the Communist regime; Bulgaria, which now has a full complement of Catholic bishops for the first time in 35 years; and xenophobic Albania, which claims to have exterminated all religion.

At home, the Soviet Union maintains rigid repression of religion and shows little real sign of any change. It is generally assumed that Poland refuses to allow Catholic radio and TV broadcasts partly because the Soviets do not want to encourage believers on their side of the border, especially in Lithuania. Tied to the Poles by culture and history, the Lithuanians are particularly oppressed and particularly resentful. It is an act of courage there even to attend Mass. Lithuanian clergy were reportedly forbidden to go to Poland during the Pope's visit. All six dioceses in

the country, which was appropriated by the Soviets in 1940, are led by temporary administrators who face unending pressures from Moscow. When he named 15 new Cardinals last month, John Paul kept the identity of one of them secret. It is widely supposed that the man so honored in *pectore*—held "in the breast"—is Julijonas Steponavičius, the temporary "apostolic administrator" of Vilnius.

The evolving situation in Eastern Europe is influenced not only by the Pope's commanding personality and the religious fervor of his Polish people, but by the nature of the current struggle between Marxism and religion. Marx originally objected to religion in the belief that it encouraged men to ignore human suffering in the present in hopes of future spiritual salvation. He predicted that the force-

been ratified by Communist governments.

On the other side of the ideological divide, Catholicism itself continues to change. Once it used its own secular power in order to frustrate the religious freedom of others. But the bishops of the Second Vatican Council formally incorporated freedom of conscience in modern society into their creed. The Catholic Church now flatly opposes all attempts to compel conformity to religious belief. Sensing the importance of this principle for negotiations with Communism, Poland's Archbishop Wojtyla was an eloquent champion of the council's decree: now, as Pope, he has already staked out a theme of advocacy not only for religious freedom but for all human rights.

In working toward them in his native land, the Pope must consider who will succeed Cardinal Wyszyński, who is now 77 and reported to be in precarious health. Two new Polish Cardinals are among those presumed to be candidates for Primate: the Vatican's Wladyslaw Rubin, 61, secretary-general of the International Synod of Bishops, and Franciszek Macharski, 52, John Paul's scholarly protégé and successor as Archbishop of Cracow.

Macharski was scheduled to join the Pope at his trip's final event, Sunday's Mass in honor of St. Stanislaw, their mutual predecessor 900 years ago in the see of Cracow. Stanislaw, according to legend, was felled by King Boleslaw the Bold because he dared to excommunicate the cruel and licentious Polish monarch for mistreating his subjects. Canonized in 1253, the martyred bishop is interpreted by the church as a defender of human rights against tyranny.

After John Paul's trip, French Religion Analyst Henri Fesquet sneered: "The Pope is nothing by himself. He has empty hands." Perhaps so, but that smacks of the hoary remark once made by Stalin about divisions. The view may be too harsh, too gloomy. The new Tory majority leader of Britain's House of Commons, Norman St. John-Stevens, is one who thinks so. "There is something like a vacuum in world leadership that John Paul might well be able to fill," says St. John-Stevens, a Catholic layman. He believes the world is "suffering from spiritual starvation and bereft of moral leadership. The gods of secularism and materialism have failed to satisfy, and mankind is looking for new perspectives."

Those failed gods, West and East, appear to be as powerful as ever in the onrush of events. But the Slav Pope has suddenly emerged from his triumphant visit to Poland as a dramatic and compelling personality on the international scene. John Paul will surely have something of his own to say about the principalities and powers of his era.



Waving crosses to say goodbye to the papal helicopter

"If you want me to live 100 years, let me sleep."

es of economic history would grind religion into oblivion. Then, somewhat perversely, his own theory became a secular faith. Before long it was actively contributing to human suffering, while encouraging men to endure the pain of the world against a future time when the state would wait away.

Twentieth century Marxist governments have done all they can to help history do in the Christian religion. As Poland proves, they have largely failed. In fact, faith in inevitable secular progress has been in decline everywhere. Partly for that reason, rigid cold war orthodoxies on both sides have softened a trifle. On paper, at least, the socialist states have recognized the importance of the human rights issue. The Soviet Union and its dutiful allies pledged, under the 1975 Helsinki accords, to "respect human rights and fundamental freedoms, including the freedom of thought, conscience, religion or belief for all." A Pope who knows Communism more intimately than any of his predecessors need only cite texts that have

The Pope Who Sings

Seated at a Rome refectory table, a young priest tells of hearing the Pope at his window singing along with a choir far below in St. Peter's Square. An older priest shakes his head. "This could not happen," he says emphatically. "Popes do not sing."

That may have been true in the past. But no longer. Last week, as Pope John Paul II made his triumphal progress through Poland, the watching world began to grasp what people in Rome and the highly conservative Vatican Curia have known for months: this Pope not only sings, but he sings out. He also kisses babies, cuts red tape, says what he thinks, has an actor's (or a politician's) delight in an audience, and a former laborer's gift for gauging the common touch of a crowd.

In contrast to his introverted, complex predecessor, Paul VI, the Pope is an outgoing man who treats the people around him, and indeed the whole Roman Catholic Church, with infectious optimism. As Wilton Wynn, TIME bureau chief in Rome, reports, John Paul's impact is electric, exceeding even that of another people's Pope, the beloved John XXIII. Pilgrims through the Vatican at a rate normally seen only in once-a-generation Holy Years. Vendors have sold more photos of John Paul since October than they did of Paul VI during his 15 years as Pope. Priests who hear confessions in St. Peter's have encountered five times the number of penitents.

The Wednesday general audiences have been moved outdoors to St. Peter's Square unusually early in the year to meet popular demand. An unprecedented 50,000 to 80,000 people now regularly attend. To ease the midday traffic chaos, the starting time was shifted from noon to 6 p.m. Unlike past Popes, John Paul reaches out to press the flesh as he roams the piazza in an open van.

Even anticlerical observers in Rome admit, rather glumly, that John Paul has galvanized Italian Catholics, especially the young. Says Cesare Pagni, Bishop of Città di Castello: "The arrival of Pope Wojtyla has turned our youth upside down. They are taking over the leadership of the young again to advance not only the ecclesiastical but the civil life of our country."

Most modern Popes have been Bishop of Rome in name only. As the first non-Italian in Peter's Chair in 455 years, John Paul plunged forth from the Apostolic Palace to learn his new turf. Each Sunday he visits a different parish and, in preparation, summons the parish priest to brief him. What is the street layout? How did the people vote in the last election? What are their problems? After one visit, he invited the parish priest back to the Vatican for supper and an evening of sipping the priest's homemade wine.

On his pastoral rounds, John Paul never neglects the personal touch. At ceremonies, the Pope invariably will pause to lead a wandering child back to his astonished parents. A street sweeper's daughter asks him to perform her wedding and he instantly agrees. On a Sunday afternoon he stands on a field, racquet in hand, as it starts to rain. One of the young people who surround him suggests he seek shelter. Replies the Pope: "We athletes are not afraid of rain."

John Paul does not seek the splendid isolation preferred by his predecessors. Breaking with custom, he rarely celebrates early morning Mass alone, nor does he like to dine by himself. When a Pope strolls through the Vatican gardens, Vatican guards normally keep watch over him from a distance. One morning John Paul eluded them and offered to shake hands with a gardener. Awed, the man put his

hands behind his back, stammering, "They're dirty. Holy Father." With a grin, the Pope grabbed the earthy hands and rubbed them on his white cassock. "I know they're dirty," he said, "but I don't do my own washing."

The Pope's skill with crowds and affection for people, however politic they appear, seem to be more a matter of character than of calculation. John Paul appears almost driven to be out among his flock. "This Pope is not a workaholic; he's a live-aholic," observes a priest from an outlying parish in Rome. This, plus the normal burdens of office, puts an observable strain on even a robust 59-year-old. Since taking office, the Pope has suffered from a lack of his customary exercise and reportedly has dropped about 15 lbs. due to overwork. He is installing an 83-ft. swimming pool at Castel

Gandolfo, the papal summer retreat. When a French cleric injudiciously remarked on the cost, the Pope was quick to reply, "It's less expensive than having another conclave."

The Pope's vigor and popularity could not only revitalize his troubled church, but also strengthen his hand in governing it. With such a wide following, one priest in the labyrinthine, ungovernable Vatican Curia admits, he can "do things the hierarchy may not like." Precisely what John Paul will eventually do is still unknown, but in choosing the able and totally obedient Agostino Casaroli as his top aide, the Pope has signaled that power will be

centralized in his office alone. He has a disconcerting tactic of popping into curial offices to look around, and of conferring with staff experts when their bosses are not present.

Paul VI would agonize over decisions, creating confusion and expectation of change, then end up with a conservative choice that was loudly criticized. John Paul lets everyone know from the start that he is unequivocal on both dogma and discipline. He drew far less opposition than Paul when he too reaffirmed the celibacy rule for priests in April. In fact, the new Pope is more conservative than Paul: he has made clear that priests should remain faithful to their vows, rather than seek laicization. He not only flatly opposes divorce and remarriage but has provoked speculation that he will tighten up on the granting of annulments.

As John Paul's approach to the regime in Poland shows, he is a man who speaks out with eloquence and has no fear of departing from a prepared script. Earlier, when the bishops of Holland revived their conservative vs. liberal squabbling, the Pope ordered them to appear at a special synod that he will direct himself, the first of its kind in modern history.

Says Daniel Maguire, an ex-priest and ethics professor at Marquette University: "He seems to see the world as Poland writ large." Poland's bishops hammer out any differences in private and then unite under the Primate, Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, in order to survive. This Polish Pope is accustomed to that type of collegiality, which means top-down obedience, not ecclesiastical democracy. No one knows how it will go when an international Synod of Bishops meets in Rome the fall of 1980 to discuss family life.

With John Paul, often the striking thing is not what he does but the way he does it. A Jesuit theologian in Rome compares two Popes: "Paul VI constantly reminded people of how hard it is to be a Christian in this world. John Paul, from long-suffering Poland, reminds them how wonderful it is to be a Christian in spite of all the difficulties. Paul's was the way of the Cross. John Paul looks to the Resurrection." If the Sacred College of Cardinals last October sought to bring about an era of consolidation and renewed confidence within Catholicism, they chose well in elevating Karol Wojtyla to the See of Peter.



The papal coat of arms

Hammer and Sickle at Half-Mast

Berlinguer's Communists suffer a stunning defeat

In striking contrast to the cheering and dancing of past election nights, the crowd in front of the Italian Communist Party (P.C.I.) headquarters in Rome was as somber as a cortege. As Party Boss Enrico Berlinguer stepped dejectedly out onto the balcony, there was only a desultory round of applause. His message could not have been less triumphant: Berlinguer acknowledged what he called an "appreciable variation with respect to our exceptional advances of 1976." When someone dutifully unfurled the red hammer-and-sickle flag from the balcony, a disgusted voice piped up loudly from the crowd: "Leave it at half-mast!"

"Appreciable variation" soon became the established party-line euphemism for what was actually a stunning political defeat: the loss of more than a million votes in Italy's national election last week. The setback was a dramatic reversal of the P.C.I.'s successive gains in the regional vote of 1975 and the general election of 1976, which had provoked anxiety in every Western capital about the specter of Eurocommunism coming to power in the NATO alliance. The defeat also raised the prospect of an intraparty challenge to Berlinguer's leadership, since it appeared to be a repudiation of his gradualist "historic compromise" strategy of joining the government in a national alliance with the centrist parties. Said Flaminio Piccoli, president of the Christian Democrats: "The Communist Party has lost its referendum on entering the government."

When all 42 million votes were counted, the Communists had dropped from 34.4% of the popular vote in 1976 to 30.4% and suffered a loss of 26 parliamentary seats. That reduced its strength in the 630-seat Chamber of Deputies to 201. It was the first national election setback experienced by the P.C.I. in postwar history. The Christian Democrats, who overconfidently expected to score significant gains, could hardly brag about their own performance. The party that has dominated every Italian government since 1946 slipped fractionally from 38.7% to 38.3% of the popular vote and lost one seat in the lower house for a new total of 262.

Both the major parties thus appeared to have been punished by disaffected supporters for an all-too-cozy parliamentary collaboration that had supported two successive minority Cabinets headed by Christian Democratic Premier Giulio Andreotti. The Socialist Party, the country's third largest, did not fare much better; it gained five new seats for a total of 62 in the Chamber, but failed to make the headway predicted by its vigorous but erratic leader, Bettino Craxi.

Communist leaders had expected some erosion of support because of growing rank-and-file resentment against giving political aid and comfort to the Chris-

tian Democrats. In fact, Berlinguer had tried to cut potential losses by returning his party to the opposition last January, a move that toppled the Andreotti government and eventually provoked the election two years before the scheduled date. The surprising extent of the Communists' losses, however, was also a rebuke to their stewardship in major cities with P.C.I.-led local governments. In Communist-run Rome, for instance, the P.C.I. fell back 6% in the auto capital of



Premier Andreotti casts his ballot



Radical Leader Pannella exults in his gains as the results come in

Upstaged Communists, and wives no longer content to vote as their husbands do.

Turin, 4%; in Naples, the restive hotbed of southern unemployment, a jolting 10%. Moreover, despite a consistently tough law-and-order stand aimed at disassociating the party from extreme leftist terrorism, continuing violence by the Red Brigades and other groups claiming to represent "real Communism" inescapably damaged the P.C.I.'s image among middle-class voters. Said pundit Alberto Ronchey: "After all, they are the Red Brigades, not the White Brigades."

The backlash against the major parties gave a revitalizing dose of new support to small center parties. The Social Democrats moved up from 3.4% to 3.8% of the vote despite the recent jailing of one of its party leaders, former Defense Minister Mario Tanassi, for his involvement in the Lockheed bribery scandal. The centrist Republicans hung on to their 3% despite the death of their own influential party president, Ugo La Malfa. The right-of-center Liberals scrambled from 1.3% to 1.9% despite predictions that they might disappear from parliament altogether.

Most of all, the Communists' losses seemed to translate into gains for the aggressive Radical Party, which tripled its vote to 1.2 million and won 14 new seats for a total of 18. Led by a flamboyant maverick, Marco Pannella, 47, the Radicals have regularly tormented the Communists. They have championed civil rights and taken the lead on every contemporary social issue—from divorce and abortion to militant feminism and gay rights—with raucous demonstrations and ostentatious hunger strikes. As a result, the Radicals siphoned off youthful first-time voters, who might otherwise have supported the Communists, and working-class housewives, who are no longer content to vote the way their husbands tell them.

While the election went far toward re-

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laxing alarm about Communist ascendancy in Italy, it may have made the task of governing the country more difficult than ever. Berlinguer declared that the Communists still wanted Cabinet seats in a "government of national unity"—a demand immediately rejected by the Christian Democrats. "I have always made a distinction between a parliamentary alliance and governing with the Commu-

nists," said Andreotti, who will probably be the first man asked by President Alessandro Pertini to form a Cabinet. "The latter is simply not possible."

Other Christian Democratic leaders were pressing for a renewed coalition with the Socialists and small center parties, like the center-left alliance that governed for a decade after 1963. But Socialist Leader Craxi has not yet agreed to go along, and

would be sure to drive a hard bargain in tortuous negotiations. Thus the likely immediate prospect seemed to be a minority Christian Democratic "seaside Cabinet" for the summer interim. Certainly, disillusioned Italian voters appeared to want a holiday from wrangling, inconclusive politics: at the polls a record 1.7 million blank ballots gave birth to what was called the new "Abstentionist Party." ■

Eurocommunism in Defeat

Only two years ago, it was widely feared that the Communist parties of Italy, France and Spain had a real chance of coming to power in tandem with established democratic parties. Loosely united under the rubric of Eurocommunism, these parties shared a set of common principles—autonomy from Moscow, allegiance to the democratic process and support or at least tolerance of the European Community and the NATO Alliance.

In June 1976, at a congress of Eastern and Western European Communist parties in East Berlin, leaders of the three parties flaunted their differences with the Soviet model of socialism, as Leonid Brezhnev stonily looked on. Flushed with that success, and the Italian party's surge in the 1976 national election, Italy's Enrico Berlinguer, France's Georges Marchais and Spain's Santiago Carrillo celebrated their own heyday at a confident "Eurocommunist summit" in Madrid in March 1977.

With the possible exception of Carrillo, the once-proud leaders of Eurocommunism have been stung by defeat and stymied from making further progress. They are disunited among themselves, and were unable even to settle on common support for the European parliamentary election. The French and Italian parties are wracked by internal struggles that have halted or even reversed their vaunted process of "democratization." And both appear mired in a quandary about what to do next: the two big parties' troubles have left the smaller Spanish party somewhat isolated.

In France, the debacle began when Party Boss Marchais broke with the "Common Program" of the Socialist-Communist coalition, thereby dooming it to defeat in last year's general election. That fateful choice was based on the Communists' decision that they would not take a back seat to the dominant Socialists if the leftist coalition came to power. Marchais concluded that the Socialists would hog the credit for major social and economic reforms, thereby

suggesting to workers that they no longer needed the Communists to defend their interests.

As a result, Marchais' French Communist Party, about 700,000 strong, is still ostracized in what French politicians call *le ghetto*, outside the mainstream of national politics. Increasingly it has reverted to more traditional hard-line postures: it has vehemently opposed the Common Market, revived its loyalty to the Soviet and Eastern European parties, and cracked down on dissent within the party itself.

In Spain, the party led by Carrillo, the boldest of the Eurocommunist bosses, raised its share of the popular vote from 9% to 10% in this year's national election. Since then, Carrillo has become involved in a tenuous opposition alliance with the far more popular Socialist Party. It is generally thought that the Communists, with 100,000 or so members, are blocked from sharing in national power by popular fears of a dangerous right-wing reaction.

The future fortunes of Eurocommunism are likely to depend on the lead of the 1.7 million-member Italian party, which started it all in 1973 when Berlinguer launched his strategy of the "historic compromise." There is general agreement that the P.C.I. is entering a prolonged period of soul searching and internal debate. The main lines of the struggle are expected to be drawn between the hard-line left wing of the party, which has never been comfortable with Berlinguer's gradualism, and members of his own right wing who have argued for even more moderation.

"There is bound to be a profound debate on the identity of the party itself and on the whole idea of Eurocommunism," says Arrigo Levi, former editor of Turin's *La Stampa*. "Did it go too far or not far enough? The left wing will say we have to be more strongly 'Communist' in order not to lose more ground on our left. The right wing will say we have to recover more of the floating vote from the center and therefore we have to become more social-democratic." The outcome of the debate may well determine whether Eurocommunism remains a plausible strategy for the flagging Communist parties of the West.



Spain's Santiago Carrillo and Italy's Enrico Berlinguer campaign together at Communist rally in Rome



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World

ANGOLA

Guerrillas Who Will Not Give Up

UNITA is still fighting against the Cubans

Under a blazing African sun, the guerrillas' battered trucks crashed through the thick bush of southern Angola. Small bands of soldiers trekked beside the sandy roads. Their destination: a clearing in the jungle known only by the code name Chipundo. There, among the camouflaged grass huts of a hastily erected "instant village," a burly, bearded man with skin the color of oiled ebony embraced each new arrival. He was Jonas Savimbi, 44, who had convened the annual congress of the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) to prove a point: far from being wiped out, as Savimbi's foes in the Soviet- and Cuban-supported government in Luanda have claimed, UNITA was still carrying on its struggle to drive the Communists out of the country.

Savimbi claims that UNITA now has wrested effective control of much of south and central Angola from Marxist President Agostinho Neto and the 17,000 Cuban troops fighting on his behalf. Armed largely with captured Soviet-made AK-47 assault rifles, Savimbi's 12,000 guerrillas freely roam the countryside, seizing towns and villages at will, disappearing when the Cubans or government troops appear. Savimbi's soldiers have shut down the vital Benguela railroad, which once carried ore from mines in Zaïre and Zambia to the Atlantic Ocean port of Lobito. The disruption of rail service has given Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda no choice but to reopen his country's rail link with Rhodesia, the only alternative route.

Savimbi's forces have stayed intact by relying on well-tested guerrilla survival tactics. To travel safely on roads that may be mined, UNITA convoys follow herds of elephants or buffalo; if these animated mine detectors trigger an explosion, the guerrillas know not only that the way is clear, but also that they are going to eat well. Now that large areas of south Angola are coming under its control, UNITA is setting up schools and agricultural cooperatives. But for the most part, Savimbi's forces are constantly on the move, carrying their possessions on their backs. The site of last week's congress was changed six times for security reasons.

Four years ago, after Portugal withdrew from its former colony, Neto's Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.) and 25,000 Cubans apparently had defeated UNITA and another liberation movement, the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.). But Savimbi fought on. Since January, his guerrillas claim to have killed 350 government soldiers or Cubans, while suffering only 150 fatalities. Savimbi has recruited heavily among his fellow Ovim-

bundu (40% of the country's population) and other southern Angolan tribes, which have deep-rooted hostility toward Neto, a mixed-race *assimilado*, and the Cubans. He has also received substantial backing from South Africa, which wants UNITA's help in controlling the Namibian guer-



Jonas Savimbi in battle dress



UNITA fighter with rocket launcher

"Cannot the West see what is going on?"

rillas of SWAPO (Southwest African People's Organization), who operate from base camps in southern Angola.

Traveling by a clandestine UNITA supply route, TIME's Peter Hawthorne last week entered southern Angola for an exclusive interview with Savimbi. Dressed in characteristic fatigues and gun belt, the former political science student at Switzerland's Lausanne University spoke of the war, UNITA's goals and the dangers of Soviet expansionism in Africa. "The battle we are fighting is not only for the independence of Angola," he said. "It is also for the independence of the West." Excerpts from the interview:

On Soviet aims in Africa: In 1975 we were crushed by tanks and MiGs and troops from Cuba. Western countries, who profess to believe in democracy, did not help us. Cannot the West see that the Russians are step by step getting bits of Africa, encircling the oil riches of the Persian Gulf, getting the minerals of Angola, trying to control the sea route around the South African cape? The Russians want the world, but not a world war.

On South Africa: The white South Africans are Africans. Anything that affects us affects South Africa and anything that affects them affects us. If UNITA had come to power in Angola in 1975, I am sure that today the problems of Rhodesia and Namibia could have been solved peacefully. When we take over, we shall be looking for a dialogue with South Africa, not war. With such know-how in South Africa, we feel that all the countries in this area would benefit.

On UNITA's support: It is not true to say that support comes largely from South Africa. After the invasion of Shaba province in Zaïre [which was launched by Katangan exiles from Angolan territory in 1978], independent African countries realized that the Russians and Cubans will not be content with Angola. From that point, we started to get substantial support from some African countries, but they can't say it openly, of course. Second, we are getting substantial support from Arab countries. Obviously I can't say which ones.

On UNITA's objectives: We will approach step by step the day when the Cubans and Russians find that it is impossible for them to stay any longer. That will be our first victory. From there, we will be ready to talk with the M.P.L.A. and to explain, even if it takes us years, that we have at last proved that foreign interference of that kind does not solve any problems. Ultimately, we want democratic elections and a coalition government between UNITA, M.P.L.A. and the F.N.L.A.

On Cuban involvement: The intention of the Cubans is to control the border with Namibia so that they can help SWAPO. Today they fear to come into this area. We control most of the south. I don't think the Cubans are very keen on the war any more. When they start being sent home in their coffins, they will be less keen. ■

World

SOUTH AFRICA

Vorster Quits

A final report on Muldergate

"They say you are not telling the truth. I say, John, you know it is so. And you know that I know it is so. And you know that Connie Mulder knows it is so." He shrugged and said, "Yes, it is so." And I said, "But John, it can't go on like that. The thing will destroy you."

The "John" in that conversation was Balthazar Johannes Vorster, 63, Prime Minister of South Africa for twelve years and its President for the past nine months. The speaker was General Hendrik Van den Bergh, former head of the Bureau of State Security (BOSS); his testimony is included in the third and unsparing final report of a commission appointed to investigate corruption and legal irregularities in the government of John Vorster, who in 1977 led his National Party to the greatest electoral victory in its history.

Last week, after the release of the latest report on South Africa's "Muldergate" scandal, Vorster abruptly resigned as his country's head of state, his long political career ending in disgrace. Vorster's last official act as President was to receive the report that described his humiliation and led directly to his resignation.

The most important finding of the commission, headed by Supreme Court Justice Rudolph Erasmus, was that Vorster was fully aware of a covert operation by his former Minister of Information, Cornelius Mulder, to spend tens of millions of dollars in an illegal and secret effort to influence the news media. Retracting its own preliminary report that had exonerated Vorster, the commission concluded that he had lied in sworn testimony concerning his role in the whole affair. One witness testified that he had once asked Vorster whether the government itself was being blackmailed by Eschel Rhodie, one of Mulder's key aides. "A thousand percent," Vorster is said to have replied. "He holds my ministers' political life in the hollow of his hand."

The Erasmus commission also provided a fascinating summary of what happened to the Muldergate millions. The commission charged that some \$500,000 kept bobbing up in various bank accounts belonging to Rhodie and two of his brothers; Rhodie's salary as a senior civil servant never exceeded \$1,350 a month. The commission also declared that \$19 million in public funds went to L. Van Zyl Alberts, the publisher of a newspaper and a magazine that were, in reality, secretly funded government publications; the report implies that the publisher's use of the money points "to theft and fraud." Recounting previous charges that \$10 million in government funds went to

Michigan Publisher John McGoff in an unsuccessful attempt to take over the Washington *Star* in 1974, the commission charged that the South African government had never been able to account for \$6.3 million of that sum. McGoff insisted that he had no South African backing in any of his business ventures.

The Muldergate case was a triumph for the country's English-language press, particularly the *Rand Daily Mail*, which had led the way in pursuing the widening scandal. Unfortunately, any celebrating by the newspapers may prove short-lived. The government of Vorster's successor, Prime Minister P.W. Botha, pressed ahead last week with legislation that would drastically limit the power of the press to investigate clandestine gov-



Former President John Vorster

In the hollow of a civil servant's hand.

ernment operations. If Botha and his colleagues have their way, any future Muldergates could be conducted safely out of public view.

President Carter, as expected, announced last week that he would not lift economic sanctions against the country that now calls itself Zimbabwe Rhodesia. To do so at present, Carter said, would "seriously damage" the international relations of the U.S. The President acknowledged that pro-Rhodesian sentiment is running strong in the Senate, but vowed to do "everything I can, within my power," to prevent Congress from lifting sanctions on its own.

Carter conceded that Rhodesia had made some progress toward genuine majority rule by holding elections that re-

sulted in the installation of the black-led government of Prime Minister Abel Muzorewa. But the President is convinced that the U.S. should move slowly on the Rhodesian issue, maintaining its ties with black Africa while pressing the Rhodesians for additional political reforms. In Salisbury, Muzorewa, who is a Methodist bishop, attacked Carter's statements as "an inhuman decision by a committed Christian."

GHANA

Jerry Who?

A coup before civilian rule

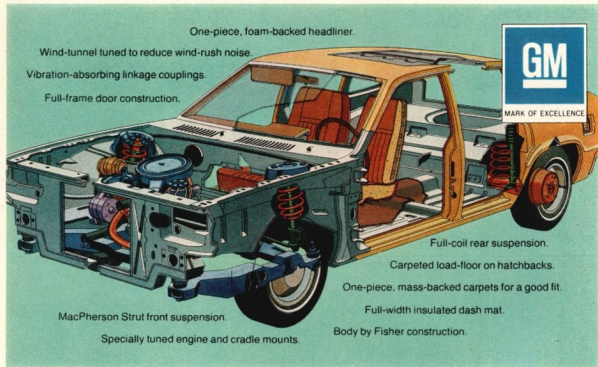
Residents of Accra were startled last week when a low-flying jet trainer zoomed over government-built skyscrapers in the Ghanaian capital. People in villages as far as 400 miles away were later treated to the same unusual sight. The pilot of the plane was Flight Lieutenant Jerry Rawlings, 33. The madcap buzzing was his way of announcing that the fourth coup in the country's 22 years as an independent nation had apparently succeeded.

Rawlings' overthrow of the military junta headed by Lieutenant General Frederick Akuffo, who came to power by toppling General Ignatius Acheampong last year, was unusual in two respects. First of all, it was Rawlings' second try in only a month; until being sprung by air force compatriots, he had been locked up in an Accra prison while being court-martialed for his role in plotting an abortive coup in May. Second, the overthrow of Akuffo's regime came only two weeks before elections that were supposed to restore civilian government to Ghana after 13 years of almost uninterrupted military rule. A spokesman for the newly installed Armed Forces Revolutionary Council, which Rawlings now heads, announced over Ghana's official radio station that the election would take place on schedule. The spokesman warned, however, that the planned transition to a nonmilitary regime might be postponed long enough for a "housecleaning" of Ghana's thoroughly corrupt military elite.

The nightclub-loving son of a Scottish father and a Ghanaian mother, Rawlings seemed to be an unlikely leader for such a cleanup. But he appears to mean business. He has told friends that he was appalled by the military government's routine kickbacks and contract rigging. As a first step in reform, he ordered the arrest of a host of high-ranking officials suspected of graft, including former President Acheampong, who had leniently been exiled to his native village in lieu of being tried. Rawlings followed up the arrests with a blunt warning to civilian winners of the forthcoming elections: "Anyone of you who misuses the opportunity to serve the country will be shot outright."

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Noise fighters.

But isolation is just one form of controlling noise. To help cut down on wind-rush noise, these cars were extensively tested in the wind tunnel. All models feature Body by Fisher construction with fully framed doors and new door seals to help keep noise out. Hatchback models have auxiliary seals in back. There are one-piece, mass-backed carpets and foam-backed headliners. And special acoustical-insulation pack-

ages are available on certain models.

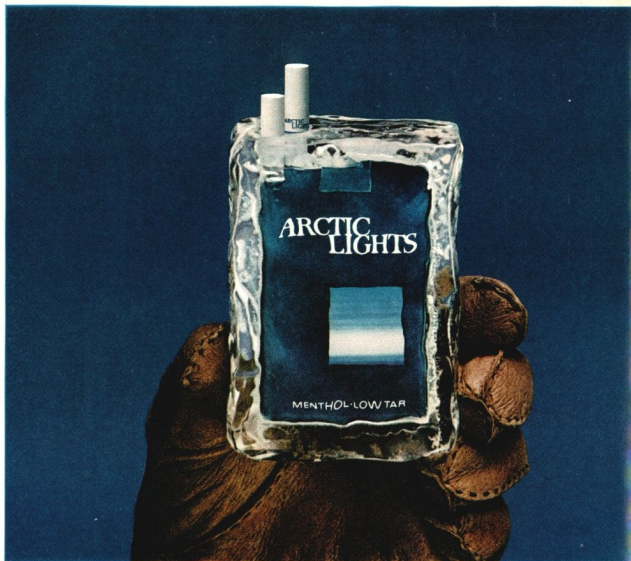
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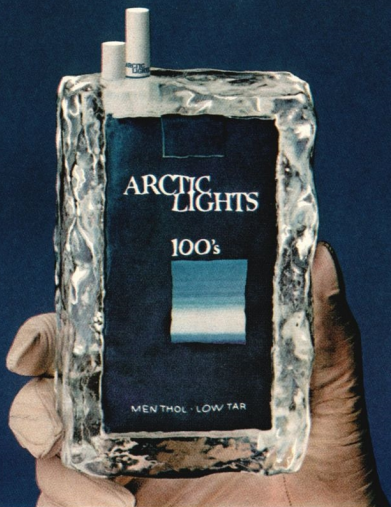


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the same way we did in 1860 when we began.*

*The pleasure hasn't changed.
It's just easier to come by.*



World

IRAN

More Trouble for Khomeini

The Ayatullah faces yet another barrage of criticism

"You West-worshippers, you aliens, you hollow men, come to your senses and be with us." So pleaded an obviously agitated Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini last week in a nationally broadcast speech marking the anniversary of a 1963 uprising against the Shah in which 15,000 Iranians may have died. Khomeini went on to blast writers, journalists, lawyers and academicians for "using their pens and tongues against the Islamic revolution after it gave them freedom." That revolution, the Ayatullah insisted, "was made solely by the clergy, supported by the whole population." In an explicit warning

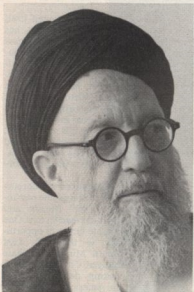
hammered Mossadegh, contrasted the Ayatullah's professed support for freedom of the press with the censorship and book burning that has been endemic since the revolution. The document concluded: "Today we find that your leadership is not as it once was."

Even more of a challenge to Khomeini is the fact that some high-ranking Islamic clerics share this view. The most notable opposition comes from Ayatullah Kazem Shari'atmadari, 79, whose popularity in Iran is second only to that of Khomeini himself. In an interview with Tehran Bureau Chief Bruce van Voorst last week, Shari'atmadari implicitly criticized Khomeini—though he never mentioned him by name. Said Shari'atmadari: "In politics, all people are equal. I don't think religious edicts should bind citizens to particular political viewpoints. Politics is a matter of opinion. Religious authority may not be called upon to support specific political objectives."

The Ayatullah, who is one of Iran's most respected Islamic scholars, rejected Khomeini's proposal that the 160-article constitution, now being drafted, should simply be put to a yes-or-no public referendum instead of being debated at an elected representative assembly. Shari'atmadari's view was that a constituent assembly was the "only way to reconcile expertise with popular representation." Shari'atmadari will openly oppose a referendum. Says he: "It is like asking the man in the street to vote on this or that method of curing cancer."

One reason for Shari'atmadari's disaffection may have been a pamphlet printed by some of Khomeini's followers charging, unfairly, that Shari'atmadari had accepted huge bribes from the Shah. Khomeini was not informed of the leaflet; when he heard about it, he ordered it stopped. However, Shari'atmadari learned of it anyway and refused to lead prayers in Qum for several days. Two other leading Ayatullahs in the holy city joined him in a boycott of religious services.

Iran also remains plagued by separatist problems, which last week centered on the oil-rich province of Khuzistan, whose inhabitants are mostly ethnic Arabs. Last week, in skirmishes between oilworkers and government troops, Arab demonstrators shouted "Death to Khomeini!"—a shocking echo of the epithet that only a few months ago was directed against the Shah. There were also rumblings of discontent in the Kurdish areas of northern Iran. The leader of the Kurds, Sheikh Ez-zeddin Hossaini, warned that unless the new constitution protects "all the ethnic minority groups in the country," Iran would face a "bloodbath."



Ayatullah Kazem Shari'atmadari

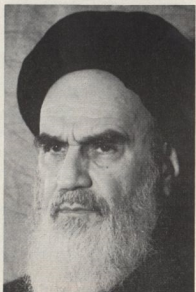
"In politics, all people are equal."

to those who differ with his views, Khomeini said that "I advised the Shah to mend his ways 16 years ago. He did not pay attention to me, and see what happened to him. If you don't want to follow the Islamic path, go back to where you came from."

The strident tone of Khomeini's address suggested that he may be worried about increasing criticism of his autocratic and erratic leadership of the country's unfinished revolution. Last week an open letter by the National Democratic Front, a breakaway political movement from the larger National Front, all but accused Khomeini of being a dictator. "Prior to the revolution's success," the letter read, "unity of word" in your opinion was unity of purpose in overthrowing the monarchy. But now it practically means "unity in obedience to me." The NDF, which is led by a grandson of onetime Premier Mo-

The Khomeini-backed government of Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan has made little progress in solving Iran's major economic problems. The partial resumption of oil production (currently about 3.8 million bbl. per day) and new limitations on imports will boost Iran's foreign exchange reserves from \$10.3 billion in January to more than \$19 billion by year's end. But roughly 35% of the work force is still unemployed, construction is at a standstill, prices of staple foods are spiraling, and most government agencies are paralyzed by inactivity.

Bazargan is unlikely to get any help from Washington. Relations with Tehran took another turn for the worse last week when the Iranian government announced it would not accept U.S. Ambassador-designate Walter L. Cutler. Iranian officials insisted that the decision to reject Cutler



Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini

"Come to your senses and be with us."

was an attempt by Foreign Minister Ibrahim Yazdi to moderate the virulent anti-American campaign sweeping the country. Yazdi reportedly felt that Cutler's appointment would exacerbate ill feelings between the two governments.

"We looked into Cutler's service in Zaire," explained a senior civil servant in Tehran. "We saw it as being of a colonial type, and that he was unaccustomed to dealing with equals. We don't want another Sullivan or Helms (former U.S. Ambassadors William Sullivan and Richard Helms). Iran has changed, and America must recognize this truth. Our good relations depend upon an ambassador who understands what has happened here." The Carter Administration remains adamant in its refusal to name a replacement. "Either they accept Cutler or we won't have an ambassador there," said a National Security Council official. ■

VIET NAM

The Soviets Settle In

Hanoi turns to Moscow for help and is coming up with lots of it

Following Hanoi's conquest of South Viet Nam in 1975, the country's Communist leaders repeatedly emphasized their determination to stay clear of great-power entanglements and to preserve their hard-sought independence. They have not succeeded. With surprising swiftness, Viet Nam has in the past three months turned increasingly to the Soviets for help in keeping its far-flung military machine running. In return, Moscow has extended its strategic and

port near Ho Chi Minh City (formerly Saigon) is kept busy handling incoming flights of Ilyushin-76s, carrying pallets of artillery ammunition for use, presumably, in Cambodia. Danang airport, almost a ghost field after 1975, now serves as a refueling base for long-range TU-95D reconnaissance planes of the Soviet naval air fleet.

To support all this aerial activity, Moscow is completing two electronic eavesdropping complexes in Laos, and

Indochina Co-Prosperity Sphere."

Moscow's burgeoning military presence in Indochina gives the Soviet Union a potential to control the vital shipping lanes of the South China Sea. That prospect has caused Japan to threaten Hanoi with a cutoff in aid, which now amounts to \$50 million, if it allows Cam Ranh Bay to become a Soviet base. Last week the five ASEAN states of Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia and the Philippines poured cold water on Hanoi's offer of a nonaggression pact. The pact was apparently designed to allay ASEAN fears that have been raised by the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia, but Hanoi's prospective partners in the treaty would have none of it. Malaysia, which is probably Viet Nam's closest friend in ASEAN, pointedly noted that if Hanoi wanted to prove its sincerity, "deeds should speak louder than words."

Viet Nam, which once touted itself as a model of socialist development, has become a troubled pariah. It is only now recovering slowly from the bloody but inconclusive border war with China. Although the repressive regime of Cambodia's Premier, Pol Pot, has been driven out of Phnom Penh, Vietnamese forces are bogged down in what appears to be a protracted guerrilla war in Cambodia. The Vietnamese economy is a shambles, and the thousands of refugees who land on other Asian shores every week are visible proof of the country's internal problems and unrest.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that Hanoi is seeking some new international friends and potential benefactors. One notable target of opportunity is the U.S. Last month Minister of State Nguyen Co Thach told a visiting delegation from the American Chamber of Commerce in Hong Kong that he would "fly to New York" the following day, if necessary, to reopen stalled talks with the U.S. on normalizing relations. He even hinted, preposterously, that Hanoi might permit the U.S. military to use its former bases in Viet Nam if relations improved. "There are two

eventualities facing Viet Nam," he said. "One is normalization with the U.S. to diversify our relations. The other is no normalization and no diversification. The door is very widely open."

Whether or not the U.S. walks in is another matter. In Washington, American officials insisted that a settlement of the Cambodian situation ought to be a precondition of any further discussions. Said one skeptic of the latest Vietnamese overture: "They like to make people think one thing, and then they will do another."



Aerial view of Cam Ranh Bay, with its American-built facilities

Volunteers keep the ports open, and smuggle a little gold as well.

military reach into Southeast Asia with a vigor that has alarmed Japan and the Association of South East Asian Nations and certainly angered China.

Viet Nam's tilt toward Moscow became conspicuous in 1978. Hanoi first joined COMECON, the Soviet-bloc economic organization, then signed a 25-year treaty of friendship and cooperation with Moscow in November. The dramatic new Soviet military role in Indochina surfaced in February, when China invaded Viet Nam. Once proud of its self-reliant mobility, Hanoi has become virtually dependent on the Soviets for logistics and aerial reconnaissance.

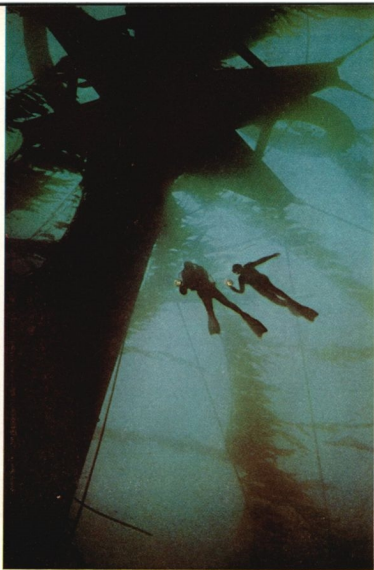
Soviet "volunteer" technicians assist not only in the operation of Viet Nam's major airfields, but also in keeping open its ports. To move Hanoi's troops between its forward bases in Cambodia and the China border and the rest of Viet Nam, Soviet pilots fly them in mammoth Antonov-22 transports. Tan Son Nhut air-

has started construction of a radar tracking center near Sisophon, in northwestern Cambodia. Soviet merchantmen ply between Vietnamese coast ports and the Cambodian port of Kompong Som on resupply missions. Submarines of the Soviet Pacific fleet glide in and out of the huge American-built complex at Cam Ranh Bay, even though it is not a full-fledged Soviet naval base.

Even the old Air America routes in Laos have been partly taken over by Soviet pilots in Antonov-12s. There have been reports that some of the pilots supplement their income by smuggling Laotian gold into Viet Nam. Observed a cynical military attaché: "Without the Russians it would be almost impossible to move around the greater Vietnamese Empire, er, excuse me, the Greater



Minister of State Thach



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A PROGRESS REPORT FROM GENERAL ELECTRIC

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World

WEST GERMANY

"*Sie Ritten Da'lang, Podner*"

Cowboys and Indians rekindle the Old West

Grimy cowboys clanked around in spurs and chaps, six-guns at the ready. Loinclothed Indians eyed them suspiciously from their teepees or wandered casually around campfires. Union Army cavalrymen, in a spirit of truce, hobnobbed with Confederate soldiers in the local saloon.

But wait. Wasn't most of the chow sizzling over campfires *Wurst* instead of baked beans? And as for the hard stuff being downed in the saloon, wasn't it *Steffens Pils* and *Schnaps* instead of redevye? And those redskins turning a little too red in the 90° heat, weren't they powwowing in German? The answer, indeed, was *ja*. The scene was the long Whitsunday weekend in Bocklemlund near Cologne, where 2,500 members of West Germany's *Western Bund* gathered in a meadow to dress up as cowboys, Indians and Civil War soldiers and live the life of the Old West as it really was. Casual spectators were strictly forbidden. Said Hans ("Old Joe") Jäkel, 55, a retired Cologne machinist who has been Grand Marshal of the *Bund*'s annual three-day councils for the past 20 years: "This is no performance. We are serious here."

Very serious. Throughout the year, in more than 100 clubs in West Germany, devotees of the Old West spend thousands of man-hours and deutsche marks preparing their costumes or polishing such arcane skills for the council competitions as tomahawk throwing, quick-drawing, and tossing lariats. Then, at the three-day camp-out, they can relive the American frontier days in full dress with almost complete historical veracity.

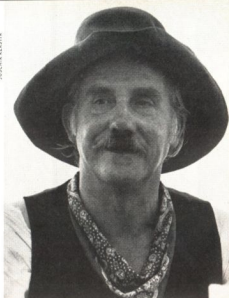
The German fad for the Old West dates back to the 1890s, when Buffalo Bill toured Germany with enormous success. His visit coincided with the popularity of potboilers by Karl May, who wrote Zane Grey-style novels about an Old West he had never seen. Since then, with May's books selling in the millions, Germany has never forgotten its home on the range.

This year, for the first time, the cowboys at the council were outnumbered by "Indians," all of whom had meticulously studied the dress and traditions of the tribes they represented. "Spurs, chaps and guns make a cowboy," declared Edgar Aich of Hamburg's *Gemeinschaft Norddeutscher Indianerfreunde* (North German Society of Indian Friends). "To be an Indian, you must get into the red man's soul." Serge Parquet, 52, came all the way from Paris with his tepee; as "Chief Walking Bear" he is president of France's *Le Cercle Peau-Rouge Huntka* (Hunkta Redskin Circle). "This is like Mecca to a Muslim," he told *TIME* Correspondent Lee Griggs. Special guests at this year's council were a group of authentic American

Indians. Dave Bald Eagle, a full-blooded Cheyenne River Sioux from South Dakota was amazed at the expertise. He said: "These people know as much about the old ways as some of us do." Surprisingly, only a handful of West Germany's Westerners have ever been to the U.S., and their English is generally limited to a drawled "howdy" or "podner."

Americans are generally not welcome at the councils. Said West Berlin's Jürgen Haase, 26, one of the council's six "sheriffs": "Most Americans don't know enough about their own history to make a contribution. They think Wild Bill Hickok's real name was Bill." (As every authentic German cowboy knows, his forenames were James Butler.) Old Joe, like many of his *Western Bund* friends, refuses to watch the two U.S.-made westerns currently appearing on West German TV, *Guns, Smoke and The Virginian*. Nobody, he scoffs, ever really said in the Old West, "*Sie ritten da'lang*" (They went thataway), much less, "*Streck die Hände zum Himmel*" (Reach for the sky). John Wayne barely escapes Old Joe's fusillade of complaints about Hollywood phoniness. "Inaccurate scripts aren't his fault," he allowed.

As the council came to a close, the Indians, cowboys and even a few dancehall queens gathered for a final ceremony: a 36-star Old West-era flag was lowered to the accompaniment of a drumroll and a trumpet call by immaculately turned-out cavalry units in Union uniforms. It had been, proclaimed Old Joe, "the best council ever, the most authentic yet." But what about that German beer and *Schnaps*? "Well," he said, "none of us is perfect."



Grand Marshal Hans ("Old Joe") Jäkel



The scene outside Cologne: Indians meet trail scout (top), and townspeople wander around teepees





The last remaining Honda in a New Jersey showroom draws a flock of customers, but gas-conscious Los Angeles travelers go by Amtrak



Economy & Business

Now the Heating Fuel Furor

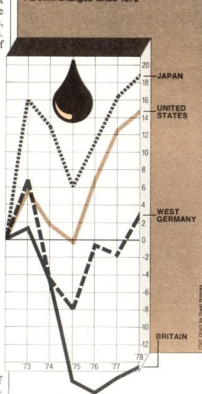
The U.S. subsidizes some imports—and enrages its allies in Europe

The energy debate is turning into a finger-pointing fiasco. While trains and other forms of mass transit choke up with riders and driving in the U.S. declines for the first time in years, Americans go looking for scapegoats. Consumers accuse the oil industry of pushing up prices by holding back supplies. Oilmen blame Washington for snarling them in red tape and overregulation. Congress blames the White House for not providing effective leadership. The President blames the public for not believing that the peril is real.

Last week Europeans got into the blame game. Government officials, editorial writers and just plain folks by the millions were griping that if Jimmy Carter were to get his way, Europeans would wind up shivering through next winter in unheated homes. To the Europeans, it looked once again as if the world's most powerful nation—and premier petro-pig—was trying to push its energy agonies off on its allies. At issue was the Carter Administration's quiet announcement three weeks ago of a "temporary" U.S. subsidy of \$5 per bbl. on imported diesel oil for trucks and tractors and heating oil for homes, factories and office buildings.

Stockpiles of these so-called distillate fuels are dangerously low, down some 15% from a year ago, and they will not be replenished quickly because the Administration is urging oil companies to step up their refinery runs of gasoline instead. The \$5 subsidy is sup-

OIL CONSUMPTION
Percent changes since 1972



posed to help ease the pinch by boosting diesel and heating oil imports from refineries in the Caribbean. Yet Europeans are every bit as dependent on scarce supplies of diesel and heating oil as Americans are, and they too get deliveries from the Caribbean refineries. The Carter Administration claims that the Europeans' panicky, pay-any-price mentality has lured so much Caribbean production to the Continent that U.S. importers are no longer receiving their fair share. The Europeans retort angrily that Washington's subsidies are just pushing up prices even higher and that the U.S. is actually getting all the oil that it normally does in the first place.

Neither side so far has produced convincing statistics, but by last week the squabbling had degenerated into some of the nastiest transatlantic name-calling in years. The West German Economics Minister, Count Otto Lambsdorff, expressed "surprise and regret" at the U.S. subsidy. One of his assistants captured the prevailing sentiment: "It hurts when your friends stab you in the back." In Washington, French Foreign Minister Jean François-Poncet led a weeklong parade of protesting diplomats through the White House. François-Poncet got a mere 15-minute meeting with President Carter, and that reflected the crisp indifference that the Administration seemed to be showing.

At the least, the \$5 subsidy is destined to set off a whole new surge in the price of the fuel, which in some parts of

the U.S. has jumped by more than 30% since last autumn. When news of the subsidy reached Rotterdam, dealers marked up their quoted prices \$5 to \$6 per bbl. A \$60-million shipment of heating oil from the Caribbean to Rotterdam actually jumped \$10 million in value during the week as nervous traders on both sides of the Atlantic bid against each other to acquire the precious cargo before the ship reached port.

The subsidy plays directly into the hands of the OPEC cartel. By risking a wild scramble for imported heating oil, the Administration is, in effect, encouraging oil producers to raise their already extortionate crude prices all over again. After all, why not do so if the U.S. keeps coming up with fresh schemes for paying the money? That seemed OPEC's view, as its secretary general, Rene Ortiz of Ecuador, declared last week that he would like an increase of at least 25%, to a new base of \$20 per bbl., when the cartel meets in Geneva on June 26.

The heating oil subsidy also undermined the U.S.'s pleas for unity among the oil importing nations. Last week Energy Secretary James Schlesinger said that the U.S. has met its pledge to the 20-nation International Energy Agency in Paris to cut consumption of petroleum by 1 million bbl. daily. But the reduction has been caused largely by the lack of gasoline, which Schlesinger's department is struggling to correct.

So far, most other industrial nations have escaped the supply problems that are troubling Americans, but that is beginning to change. Oil consumption in Japan, which grew last year by only 1.5% because of slack in its economy, is now climbing at 5% annually. Japanese

officials expect a supply shortfall of perhaps as much as 5% by midsummer. Even Britain, whose oil output from the North Sea is already 1.5 million bbl. daily and climbing rapidly, is experiencing sporadic but spreading shortages at the pump. Last week West Germany as well suffered its first gasoline delivery cutbacks.

Instead of competing with others for scarce supplies, the U.S. might be wiser to take the lead in developing alternative sources, like making oil from shale rock and coal, which would help break OPEC's lock. More and more, energy ex-

perts are coming to the view that Government will have to provide grants and guarantees to help get alternative energy industries going, much as the Government's Reconstruction Finance Corp. helped establish the synthetic rubber industry during World War II. The Administration is beginning to show some interest in such ideas, but it wants the money to come from President Carter's proposed windfall profits tax, and Congress could wind up deciding not to enact the levy at all. The truth is, when it comes to erratic policymaking, the U.S. need point the finger only at itself. ■

Fighting the Sag in Efficiency

A search for solutions as America loses ground

"Economists, the generals in our war against inflation, are fighting the wrong battle. We are told over and over again that the only cure for inflation is recession. I don't buy that. It's akin to cutting the head off when only a haircut is needed. You hold down the cost of living not by lengthening unemployment lines but by producing more goods and services more cheaply."

—Senator Lloyd Bentsen

For many noninflationary years, the U.S. produced more goods and services more cheaply by building new plants and lavishing billions on research and development. But those glory decades have ended, at least temporarily. Government policies now work to discourage saving, retard investment and divert into immediate consumption the money that industry needs to spend on new factories, new equipment and new skills. Partly because of this, over the past ten years, annual productivity growth has slowed to about half the average 3% increase of the 1960s. This has been a major cause of slow economic expansion, the debilitated dollar and double-digit inflation.

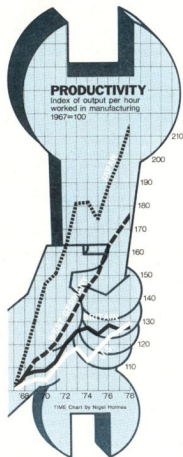
Last week the congressional Joint Economic Committee, of which Senator Bentsen is chairman, began special hearings into the productivity sag. From expert witnesses, the committee heard that despite the recent decline, the U.S. still has the world's highest level of productivity, but the lead is shrinking rapidly. In 1950 it took seven Japanese or three German workers to match the industrial output of one American; today two Japanese or 1.3 Germans can do as well. Last year the Japanese had a productivity increase of 8%; the U.S. gain was only 3%. In this year's first quarter, U.S. productivity actually fell at an annual rate of 4.6%.

Among the causes of the drop:

► Excessive Government regulations that have forced companies to spend cash not on new labor-saving and productive machines but on costly antipollution, safety and health equipment. Coal mining has been particularly hurt. Says Tom Duncan, head of the Kentucky Coal Associ-

ation, a group of mine operators: "The man mining the coal is probably more productive than ever before, but now you've got one man carrying away possibly explosive coal dust, one or two men bolting roofs, one doing this thing and one doing that." In Kentucky, for example, productivity has dropped from 23.6 tons of coal mined per man-day in 1969 to 16.9 tons in 1977; in Illinois, the plunge has been from 26.4 tons to 14.9 tons.

► Inadequate investment by companies in new plants and modern machinery, part-



TIME Chart by Nigel Holmes

Idea of the Week

Scientists have known for years how to make oil out of coal, shale rock and tar sands. But the costs are huge, and even today it is still cheaper for oil companies to buy the crude from OPEC than make it themselves. That fact of economic life is what is keeping a synthetic oil industry from developing in the U.S. Ford Motor Co. President Philip Caldwell has suggested a remedy. Why not, he asks, pass a federal law requiring that 10% of all gasoline sold in the U.S. be made from synthetic fuel? Says he: "Everyone who sells gasoline ought to have to get 10% of his supplies from alternative sources." Doing so, he believes, would set off fierce competition among companies to develop oil from other sources. Adds Caldwell: "The law would get the alternative energy industry off the ground, unendangered by politics or paper work." Also, it would cost taxpayers nothing.

Economy & Business

Guidelines: Down but Not Out

Depending on public opinion to curb the violators

ly because of low profits and relatively high business taxes that feed funds to consumers rather than investors. Additional funds are swallowed up by Government-mandated projects. U.S. Steel Corp., which in Youngstown, Ohio, is still using some equipment made 70 years ago, estimates that 30% of its capital investment over the next few years will be spent on pollution-control equipment.

► As a percentage of the national economy, research and development spending has dropped sharply in the past decade. Government funding was cut with the end of the Viet Nam War. Private universities have been caught in a financial squeeze. Many companies have judged the payoffs from R. and D. to be uncertain in an inflationary age. The number of U.S. patents issued in a year to Americans has fallen 25% since 1971; there has been a 14% rise in the number granted to foreigners.

► Changes in the work force have hurt some companies because many of the postwar baby boomers now seeking jobs are untrained. Under equal opportunity programs, employers have hired and promoted increasing numbers of inexperienced women and minorities.

Last week's congressional hearings concentrated on what the U.S. could learn from foreign countries. Joji Arai, manager of the U.S. office of the Japan Productivity Center, cited 15 reasons for his country's productivity surge, including lax antitrust enforcement, large spending on R. and D., and joint management-worker programs to increase quality and eliminate production-line bottlenecks. Looking at the European experience, Eugene Merchant, director of research planning for Cincinnati Milacron Inc., emphasized the importance of the so-called trilateral relationship among Government, universities and companies. This is an idea that Europe adopted from the U.S., but it has fallen on hard times in America, in part because of public dismay over Government-funded research by private institutions into weapons and chemicals during the Viet Nam War.

Senator Bentsen last month introduced six bills to boost productivity. They would, among other things, allow more rapid tax depreciation of R. and D. projects leading to innovations that are ultimately patented, and permit a 10% R. and D. tax credit for small firms. Stressing that the Carter Administration has been dilatory in proposing remedies, Bentsen admits that his bills "are not glamorous solutions. But they could increase productivity, and that would translate directly into less inflation and rising paychecks."

It has taken the U.S. some time to dig itself into a productivity hole, and it may be years before any new policies to lessen regulation and increase investment and research can be translated into productivity gains. ■

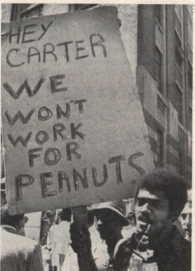
Like a boxer rising groggily from a stunning roundhouse, a weakened Administration got back into the fight against inflation last week. It was time for some new tactics, since a federal judge had struck down President Carter's threat to withhold Government contracts from firms that breached his wage-price guidelines. The loss of the procurement sanction undercuts management's ability to resist granting powerful unions, already contemptuous of the guidelines, fat pay raises. A rash of big settlements for organized labor could also pull up wages for many nonunion workers, who are close

perhaps already existing) recession will dampen inflationary fires. Asserted Blumenthal: "We are determined not to engage in dramatic action that would cause long-run problems."

Amid all this uncertainty, the Administration got a rare piece of good news on inflation. May's wholesale prices rose a modest 4%, vs. 9% in April, the smallest increase in nine months. The main reason: a drop in food prices, including beef, because of a decline in consumption. But food prices may resume their rise because crop-killing rains in the Midwest could tighten supplies of corn and wheat, and OPEC's continuing oil price rises will further fire up inflation.

A main hope of Washington's inflation fighters is that the United Rubber Workers, who are striking Uniroyal for an industry-wide settlement, eventually will accept a pay increase reasonably close to 7% annually. The U.R.W., which resumed negotiations last week, is seeking a three-year settlement of between 33% and 36%. No end of the strike is in sight.

The year's most critical negotiations will begin in mid-July when the United Auto Workers, whose contract expires Sept. 14, sit down with representatives of General Motors to fashion an industry-wide settlement. No one is ruling out a strike. U.A.W. President Douglas Fraser, who initially supported the guidelines, has been talking tougher as negotiations near. Among other things, the union will seek a sweeter COLA and a shorter work week to ensure job security for more workers.



Rubber workers picket Uniroyal Detroit plant

Keep slugging and hope for the slowdown.

to 60% of the work force, and put an even faster spin on the price spiral.

White House economic advisers tirelessly insist that the guidelines can still be made to work through the force of public opinion. Though Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal agreed that the guidelines would have to be "reviewed and updated," there are marked differences within the Administration on short-term anti-inflation policy. Alfred Kahn, the Administration's chief inflation adviser, is urging the President to press a dramatic policy that would ask Congress for legislative ratification of the standards, deny federal business to companies violating the guidelines, and require 90-day prenotification on any important pay or price changes. But the President is most likely to follow the course recommended by Blumenthal and Chief Economist Charles Schultze: leave the 7% pay limit intact, and generally follow a moderate policy, while hoping that the coming (or

Rich settlements for Big Labor can only widen the pay gap between its members, who have been gaining increases of 8½% to 9% so far this year, and non-union workers, who have been getting wage-and-benefit increases averaging 7½%. Says Economist Audrey Freedman of the Conference Board, a private research group: "Managers who want to hold on to their best people are getting very uncomfortable with the disparity in pay between union and nonunion workers." Adds Economist Robert Nathan, a Washington consultant who has close ties to labor: "If unions' increases continue to be large, it is only a matter of time before nonunion workers' pay will go up."

It is important to keep wages reasonable, but that alone will not stifle inflation. As Blumenthal noted last week, the main sources of that spiral are food, fuel and housing costs—none of which are covered by the guidelines. Thus the best thing the White House can do is to keep punching, take advantage of lucky breaks and hope that the slowdown will arrive in time to avoid any more radical, and risky, approaches. ■

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Less Developed, More Divided

The LDCs lower their expectations for a new economic order

United by poverty, Third World nations have long called for a "new international economic order"—a grand transfer of wealth, resources and economic decision-making power from the industrial countries to the poorer lands. But lately, changes among Third World members have divided the once harmonious group into a company of often competing soloists. The divisions were apparent in Manila at the fifth meeting of the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD V), the forum where the developing countries present their complaints to the wealthier nations. After a month of sometimes heated dialogue, the conference ended last week in division, indecision and frustration. *TIME's Hong Kong Correspondent Ross H. Munro reports:*

Also the growing rift between oil haves and have-nots widened further at the conference. Recent oil price increases will swell the collective current-accounts deficit of the non-OPEC LDCs this year by \$5 billion, to a total \$57 billion, and additional raises will grossly enlarge the gap. The Costa Rican delegation mustered some support from other oil-deficient Latin American countries for its proposal that OPEC consult with the importing LDCs before it raises prices again. But African and Asian delegations squelched the resolution partly out of fear that the OPEC nations might reduce their aid to any country daring to challenge them.

Since UNCTAD last met in Kenya three years ago, several Latin American governments as well as Sri Lanka, India

five developed countries: the U.S., Canada, the Soviet Union, Australia and South Africa.

Many Third World nations discovered common ground on the subject of protectionism. One speaker after another attacked the West's "new protectionism" of quotas, marketing agreements and restrictions against the developing countries' textiles, television sets and other products. An additional resolution called for the Soviet bloc to lower its more rigid protectionist barriers. Delegates from many of the LDCs said they were tiring of the Eastern Europeans' illogical claims that they cannot be accused of protectionism because their centrally directed socialist governments simply ban unwanted goods.

The poorest nations, including Chad and Afghanistan, called for more help from the richest countries. But delegates for those industrial nations felt the advanced-developing countries must also be willing to help. Their argument was that



The skyline of prosperous Seoul, South Korea, changes almost daily as new skyscrapers rise. The rift between the Third World haves and have-nots has widened further.

The past quarter-century of uneven growth and the recent meteoric rise in oil prices have made the Third World a more disparate group of nations than ever. For many of them, the catchall appellation of less-developed countries (LDCs) has become outdated or at least incomplete. New subclassifications have become necessary: advanced-developing countries and least-developed countries; socialist LDCs and neocapitalist LDCs; non-oil LDCs and OPEC LDCs.

Such rapidly industrializing, fairly affluent and capitalistic countries as Singapore, Taiwan, South Korea and Malaysia have totally different problems and priorities from many dirt poor and authoritarian African nations. Although the LDCs presented a façade of commonality on the floor of the conference, their changing interests were obvious. Calls for a new economic order were often ignored by the advanced-developing countries,

and others have moved toward more reliance on free market economics. A resolution calling for the industrialized nations to cancel or suspend debts of the LDCs was quietly suppressed by some of the capitalistic advanced-developing countries. Although the U.S. had already written off \$500 million in debts owed by 15 of the poorest nations, ADCs like South Korea, Singapore and Brazil have feared that any further write-off would make them appear to be poor credit risks and that international lenders might push up interest rates or hold back on future loans.

There have also been second thoughts about a world commodity fund to stabilize prices by buying when prices fell and selling when they rose. Delegates of many commodity-producing LDCs argued that such a resolution would help the developed countries more than the undeveloped because some 60% of all commodities and raw materials originate in



Impoverished Ethiopian women fill water jugs

as the ADCs prospered they should not only lower their own tariffs against the least-developing nations but should also give up some of the special tariff preferences they receive from industrial countries. Said one U.S. delegate about the conference: "The advanced-developing nations sooner or later must recognize that less preferential treatment for them would mean more benefits could be passed on to the least-developed countries."

The overall mood of the conference was disappointment. Fortunately, most nations backed a resolution calling for substantially increased aid to the 30 poor-

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Her Hand Is on the Future

est countries; two-thirds of them are in Africa and others include Haiti, Bangladesh, Laos and Yemen. Sometimes described as Fourth World or "basket cases," they constitute still a further division among the developing nations—and a growing problem that the rest of the world will have to address. ■

Coupon Craze

Up in the air with half fare

An enterprising troop of 71 travelers from Frankenmuth, Mich., chartered a bus to Saginaw, where they boarded a United Airlines flight for the 21-minute, \$25 puddle jump to Flint. There they were met by their bus and returned to Frankenmuth. One night last week, 55 travelers plunked down \$20 each for the 11:30 p.m. United flight from Akron to Cleveland, a 22-minute trip that normally draws about four paying passengers a week. The attraction was not Cleveland's glamorous night life.

These people were all rushing to get the famous half-price coupons, which entitle the traveler to a 50% discount on any United flight in the continental U.S. from July 1 through Dec. 15. Indeed, people hustling after the discount have bought out United's \$14 flights from Los Angeles to San Diego through June 17, the last day of the big giveaway. United began offering the coupons May 28 in an effort to lure back passengers it had lost during a 58-day flight mechanics strike. Soon United's freebie was matched by American Airlines. By the time the promotion ends, United figures that both airlines will have passed out more than 6 million coupons.

One determined fellow booked a single-day odyssey starting in Cleveland and whipping through Youngstown, Akron, Youngstown (again), Pittsburgh and back to Cleveland to collect five coupons. Ads offering top dollar for coupons have appeared in newspapers. Coupon traders flocked to airports, and last week the going price jumped from \$5 to \$20. The Federal Government, the state of California and many corporations have insisted that employees clip coupons to their expense accounts.

United claims that total bookings rose in one day to 194,000 from the normal 135,000, but it and American may not be able to meet the increased demand. With the grounding of the DC-10, United lost 23% of its available seats and American lost 25%. So far, none of their competitors have offered similar discounts, though TWA was embarrassed when the New York Times ran an ad announcing TWA's half-fare coupons. In fact, the airline had prepared the ad only as a contingency measure. TWA quickly announced that the ad was in error because, a spokesman said huffily, half-fare coupons are "crazy and uneconomical." ■

It would not be a stretch to call her Alice in Wonderland. In the behind-the-mirror world of Washington, where many things are curiously and curiously, and even the knaves have to run faster to keep up, Alice Rivlin is the self-proclaimed "official purveyor of bad news to the Congress." As head of the Congressional Budget Office, she and her 200-person staff figure out what proposed programs will really cost, and her cool counsel has stopped many of them in the gleam-in-the-eye stage.

When she got the job in 1975, Economist Rivlin, 48, an Indiana-bred Bryn Mawr magna who had labored 22 years at the left-listing Brookings Institution and in the bureaucracy, faced two hurdles. Many in Capitol Hill's chauvinist bastion gossiped that the Judy Garland look-alike would be, well, too feminist, too liberal. But she has proved that sex does not count in political economics, and her balanced judgments have made her popular even with conservatives.

As much as anybody in Washington, Rivlin has her fingers on the future. That is because they grasp the federal budget, which is the nation's road map and hope chest, the one document that brings together the Government's plans and priorities. And what she sees makes her fairly optimistic.



Budget Watcher Alice Rivlin

For one thing, the growth of regulation is waning. "We have had this orgy of regulation over the past few years," she says. "We have regulated the hell out of everything—the environment, health and safety. We have gone to absurd lengths." The Government's inflation-terrified economists are passionately battling the regulators, who Rivlin feels are a bit hysterical in defending their turf. "But," she notes, "nobody says that we want to deregulate everything. Gradually, the regulatory excesses are being sorted out."

Also, Congress is gaining much better control over rabbit-hole spending by moving toward longer planning. Says Rivlin: "The most important thing that happened with the fiscal 1980 budget is that Congress for the first time went beyond a single year's spending and voted at least tentative budget targets for three years. Now we have been pushing for five-year goals." These goals will help legislators make cuts in spending on an orderly basis with plenty of advance notice. As she says, "You really wouldn't want to live in a country where many programs are changed quickly."

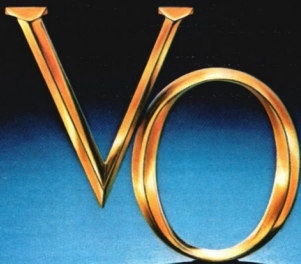
Rivlin argues that spending cannot be substantially brought down until Congress is willing to tackle the legislated pensions, subsidies and other transfer payments to retired civil servants, veterans, farmers and other politically vindictive constituencies. To call these payments "uncontrollable" is, she contends, a cop-out. Congress enacted them, and Congress can change them.

Unless a health insurance plan is enacted, she feels, the fast rises in Government outlays are basically finished. "We have built almost all of the interstate highway system, and we don't need another one. Because the baby boom is finished, the pressure to increase spending on schools is mostly over. The jumps in Social Security taxes are likely to be much smaller. We are basically home free until the year 2010, when the baby-boom kids will become the elderly."

Soon the U.S. will start enjoying some benefits from the slump in the birth rate, which started 15 years ago. Says Rivlin: "In the 1980s we are going to have fewer people coming into the labor force, and so finding jobs for them will not be so difficult. The crime rate will drop. Most crimes are committed by people aged 15 to 25, and there just aren't going to be as many of them as before."

To remedy inflation, Rivlin has her own prescription: "Do everything that you can think of because there is no simple answer. At a hearing on the Hospital Cost Containment Act, one Congressman told me, 'This will cut the Consumer Price Index by only 4%, and that's not very much.' Well, it is not very much, but it is worth doing, if you are doing a lot of other things too. Hospital cost containment will help, some deregulation will help, strategies to increase supplies will help." None of these measures will be easy to accomplish. But, Rivlin points out, "nobody ever said that democracy was easy. They only said that it was better than any other form of Government."

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Cinema



Bride Penny Peyser and Fathers Alan Arkin and Peter Falk in *The In-Laws*

Bananas

THE IN-LAWS

Directed by Arthur Hiller

Screenplay by Andrew Bergman

The *In-Laws* is a silly, badly made and squeaky-clean comedy that just happens to deliver more whopping laughs than any other film this year. At its best, this movie recalls the joyous anarchy of the *Road* pictures; at its worst, it looks like overexposed outtakes from *Gilligan's Island*. Luckily, the weak sections never run on too long. Every time *The In-Laws* starts to stumble into oblivion, Peter Falk cocks his head, stares the manic Alan Arkin in the eye, and launches into an earnest if bizarre discourse about the travails of being a CIA agent. "The trick [of my job] is not to get killed," confides Falk, *sotto voce*. "That's the key to the benefit program."

Falk and Arkin are thrown together when their respective children decide to marry. The newlyweds (Penny Peyser and Michael Lembeck) are upstanding graduates of Mount Holyoke and Yale; the dads are students of Groucho and Chico. Sheldon Kornpett (Arkin) is a very nervous man who delights in being "among the first dentists in New York to use the drill that spritzes water." Vince Ricardo (Falk) claims to have dreamed up the Bay of Pigs invasion. Sheldon wonders if Vince might be nuts, but Vince has proof of his most famous exploit: an autographed portrait of J.F.K. with the inscription, "At least we tried."

As Writer Andrew Bergman's cockamammy script would have it, Vince is currently involved in a complex scheme to prevent an international monetary crisis. Runaway inflation is a terrible thing,

Vince explains, because people start to use currency as wallpaper and tend to listen to atonal music. Though Sheldon wants nothing to do with his in-law, he soon becomes his unwitting accomplice. What follows is a nonstop series of shootouts, chase scenes and mishaps that catapult the heroes from suburban New Jersey to Manhattan's treacherous West 30s and finally to a banana republic so corrupt that its main drag is called United Fruit Boulevard. There are encounters with the daredevil Chinese pilots of Wong Airlines, a mad Latin dictator (Richard Libertini) and a full symphony orchestra conducted by Carmen Dragon.

Bergman, a satirical detective novelist (*Hollywood and LeVine*) and sometime Mel Brooks collaborator (*Blazing Saddles*), has a splendid knack for the non sequitur. He thinks nothing of interrupting a tense action sequence for throwaway lines about freeze-dried coffee or *The Price Is Right*. His inventive writing could not be in the hands of a better cast. Sounding a bit like the bastard son of Bugs Bunny and Humphrey Bogart, Falk delivers his wildest speeches with a cool sincerity that bespeaks true comic madness. Arkin is the wailing violin that accompanies Falk's gravel-toned bass. Together these actors form the funniest comic team since Zero Mostel met Gene Wilder in Brooks' *The Producers*. Not only should the in-laws reunite as soon as possible, but they should also bring Co-Star Libertini back for another ride. His rapid-fire portrayal of the martinet, General Garcia, is at once a deranged *Señor Wences* routine and a one-man revival of *The Mouse That Roared*.

Director Arthur Hiller (*Silver Streak*) keeps the cast in tight control, and that is all he does. He misreads the slapstick sequences, bathes every scene in pasty white

light and seems incapable of placing the camera in its proper position. Then again, maybe it is just as well that there is not a first-rate film maker behind *The In-Laws*. Had someone directed this movie for all it is worth, the audience might never get up from the floor.

—Frank Rich

Love Set

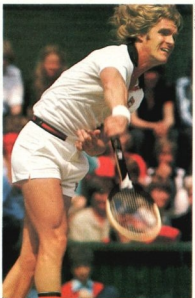
PLAYERS

Directed by Anthony Harvey

Screenplay by Arnold Schulman

Unseeded, the young player has arrived at the Wimbledon finals, where he faces Guillermo Vilas. Something is wrong, however. The camera keeps cutting to the empty chair next to his coach (Pancho Gonzalez, playing himself and, very nicely too). Obviously someone terribly important in the kid's life is missing, and Vilas blows him out in the first two sets. How the lad (Dean-Paul Martin) got to Wimbledon, and the reason for his sudden loss of poise, is told in a series of flashbacks intercut with the unfolding drama of the big match.

Players is really two pictures. The final match goes five sets, with tie breakers, and it is wonderful, the most believable sports footage one can recall in a fictional feature. (Actually, Wimbledon was shot by a second-unit sports specialist, Rimas Vainorius.) The flashback material is so bad that you get the feeling the projectionist may have carelessly scrambled the reels of a double feature. Some of the training sequences will interest tennis hackers curious to know



Dean-Paul Martin in *Players*

Cool, mean, yet innocent.

what it would be like to take lessons from Gonzalez. It must also be said that Dean-Paul Martin, Dino's son, has the contemporary jock style—cool, mean, and yet innocent—down well; he has played some professional tennis and learned something from the experience.

It is the love story that is laughable. The young man is enamored of Ali MacGraw, who is as pretty an older woman as she was a younger woman and, regrettably, is the same hopeless actress she has always been. It would require talent of a high order to make her role believable, however. She is supposed to be an international tycoon's kept woman. Unfortunately he keeps her very far away—in Mexico, while he is on a yacht off Monte Carlo. When he calls, she jumps, and all this abrupt, unexplained commuting takes its toll on Martin. A decent director (rather than the inept Anthony Harvey) might have spared her some of her most embarrassing moments, either with some lively, distracting staging or by simply calling "Cut" sooner. It would be unfair to such suspense as the film builds to reveal whether or not she returns from her last summons to Monte in order to reclaim her Centre Court seat, and whether or not Dean-Paul pulls out of his swoon in time to pull out his match.

The question this picture poses is whether enough tennis fans will put up with the romantic nonsense and whether enough romantics will sit through the tennis sequences to form a profitable audience for *Players*. It may be that the movie's commercial fate rests with those perverse souls who are always looking for good bad movies to snicker over. For them, Director Harvey is surely a treasured *auteur*, and this one of his finest, interminable hours.

—Richard Schickel



Ali MacGraw as a kept woman
Older, pretty and hopeless.



Voskovec and Worth share a moment of post-Christian desolation in *Happy Days*

Theater

God Is AWOL

HAPPY DAYS by Samuel Beckett

No one sings the metaphysical blues quite like Samuel Beckett. Both his novels and his plays are one long threnody. He grieves because God does not exist. But he is not perfectly certain that God does not exist, otherwise why a title like *Waiting for Godot*? Is God AWOL?

Beckett has touched a responsive chord in an age of self-indulgent pathos. Fate is stern; it demands a hero. Self-pity is soft; it only asks for a man to look in a mirror and recognize a victim. All the "pity poor little me" folk, all the partisans of the "life is a dirty trick" philosophy, which is pervasive in our society, have proclaimed Beckett a genius. He is not a genius, but his considerable gifts, which he has harvested with great integrity, happen to coincide with the scary, fretful temper of the times.

The sense of will-lessness afflicts modern man, the conviction that he cannot affect events or even control his own destiny. Beckett symbolizes this by immobilizing his characters, in asheans in *Endgame*, in urns in *Play*. In *Happy Days*, the heroine Winnie (Irene Worth) is buried up to her waist in the first scene and up to her neck in the second. Whereas Winnie is one of life's nonstop talkers, an autobiographophilic, her husband Willie (George Voskovec) is laconic and scarcely visible until the very end of the play. Yet his absence constitutes a powerful

presence. In her garrulous chronicle of the petty and the cosmic, Winnie is performing her own last rites, and she wants Willie to hear them. What is the point of dying without an audience?

Godot may or may not be waiting in the wings, but death is always imminent in Beckett. "Earth, the old extinguisher," Winnie says—the last resort for pain.

Happy Days is essentially a soliloquy, and thus it confronts us with Beckett's major drawback as a playwright. As the most brilliant disciple of James Joyce, Beckett is the master of the interior monologue. But drama breathes only in dialogue. Hamlet is not babbling to himself in the four great inebriant soliloquies; he is addressing questions to his tormented soul, his troubled mind, his impotent will, and the sultry air resonates. In his one-character play, *Krapp's Last Tape*, Beckett took some notice of this problem. Between his senile musings and avid munching on a banana, Krapp turns on a tape recorder that relates all the romantic ardor and wistful yearnings of an earlier self. Thus, a kind of dialogue, and a very poignant one, is established and successfully maintained.

Beckett is more than lucky in this revival at off-Broadway's Public Theater; he is blessed. Entrusting a play to Irene Worth is like investing in the Krugerrand. She is pure gold. Voskovec, in what amounts to a crawl-on part, is admirable. As for Andrei Serban, the ebullient Rumanian-born director-improvisationist, he has had the incredible tact not to tamper with the text. For which relief, much thanks.

—T.E. Kalem

Medicine



Couple enjoying a dip in their hot tub in Marin County, Calif.

Cooling It

Hot tubs can be too hot

When a neighbor knocked on the front door of Helen and Wesley LaRozas' house in Simi Valley, Calif., outside Los Angeles, he got no answer. Yet he could clearly hear the bubbling sounds of water in the fiber-glass and redwood hot tub that had been installed in their backyard. So he knocked again. Finally, when no one responded, he summoned help. The police found the LaRozas floating in the water—dead. Though detectives first suspected a double suicide, the Ventura County medical examiner, Dr. Donald Kornblum, concluded otherwise: "Quite simply, they died of hyperthermia, or heatstroke. The spa was just too hot."

The death of the California couple underscores a hidden peril in one of America's latest crazes. Some 300,000 Americans have installed hot tubs in their homes and gardens, and another 120,000 are expected to be sold in the U.S. this year. Soothing and relaxing as the warming waters may be, the minispas can be killers. Typical of some hot-tub owners, the LaRozas had heated the water to about 114° F (46° C). Doctors and tub manufacturers recommend only 102° to 104° F (39° to 40° C), and even these temperatures should not be endured for more than 20 minutes at a time. As a precaution some tubs are equipped with thermostats that prevent temperatures from exceeding 110° F (43° C). For good reason: higher temperatures and longer immersions can

bring on heatstroke, as the body vainly tries to maintain the normal internal temperature of 98.6° F (37° C).

To shed heat, the body normally begins to sweat, a process that requires the tiny blood vessels, or capillaries, in the skin to expand. But since the bather is largely submerged in hot water, the sweat cannot evaporate from the skin. Heat builds up in the body, and as the body struggles to get rid of it, more blood is diverted to the capillaries.

The effects can be dramatic. Less blood is available to deliver oxygen to the brain. The heart must pump faster. For anyone with cardiovascular problems, long immersions in hot water can be especially dangerous. If the bather also imbibes—an all too common practice—the alcohol will increase the strain on the heart, and affect the heat-regulating mechanisms in the brain as well. Besides damaging the heart and brain, excessive heat can also cause irreversible harm to the liver and kidneys. Unless bathers get out of the hot tub and replace the lost fluid, they will feel tired. Sometimes they faint. In extreme cases they will lapse into a coma and die.

Something of the sort seems to have happened to the LaRozas. Perhaps lulled by the too warm water and a bit of alcohol, they probably fell asleep minutes after settling into the spa. The sleep turned into coma, the coma to death. Though the deaths are the first to be attributed to hot-tub heatstroke, they are not likely to have been the only ones to occur so far. Says Coroner Kornblum: "God only knows how many cases have gone unreported."

Breast Cancer

A consensus that less is more

Some 90 years ago a Baltimore surgeon, Dr. William Halsted, devised the operation that soon became the standard treatment in the U.S. for breast cancer, a disease that now strikes 106,000 women and claims 34,000 lives a year. It is the radical mastectomy, which involves cutting away not only the breast but also the lymph nodes in the armpit, and underlying chest muscles. Yet with more breast cancer being detected at earlier stages, the trend has been away from disfiguring if often lifesaving "radicals." Still, 25,000 women a year undergo these operations, largely at their physicians' behest.

Last week at a conference sponsored by the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., leading doctors and researchers, including surgeons, made the strongest public plea yet for a reversal of this surgical practice. After a nine-hour debate, they concluded what an increasing number of studies have been showing: that if breast cancer is discovered when tumors are still small (even if nearby lymph nodes are also cancerous), radicals may no longer be the preferred treatment. For such cases, although not necessarily in more advanced ones, the NIH "consensus" panel endorsed the so-called total mastectomy, with removal of some lymph nodes. This procedure, the panelists said, would not lessen chances of survival and offers several advantages.

In a total mastectomy, unlike the radical, the chest muscles are left intact. The benefits: the operation produces less discomfort and disfigurement, and the scar is lower on the chest, giving the women more options in clothing. Also, it enhances the possibility of breast reconstruction.

Largely at the urging of a lay member, Rose Kushner, herself a breast cancer victim, the panel also recommended another reform. At present, most suspected breast cancer patients sign a paper upon admission to hospitals giving the surgeon blanket authority to undertake whatever treatment is deemed necessary, even if the initial intention is to do only a biopsy—taking a tissue sample from the breast to see if any cells are cancerous. To their great distress, many women have found upon awakening that the surgeon has taken a breast as well as the sample. Kushner persuaded the largely male panel to endorse a two-step approach: a biopsy first, followed by an interval—sometimes as long as a month—before the next treatment, thus giving the patient and physicians time to reflect what, if any, surgery is best. Said Kushner, who had insisted on this two-step procedure in her own case: "We should be awake to make the decision."



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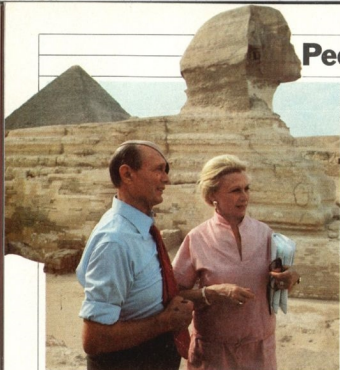


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People



Moshe Dayan and his wife sidle up to the Sphinx in Egypt

He gazed up at the Cheops pyramid, shopped in the bazaars and once even cried out, "This is one of the happiest days of my life!" In other words, Israeli Foreign Minister **Moshe Dayan**, 64, behaved like any other tourist on his first trip to Cairo and environs. Visiting, by coincidence, on the twelfth anniversary of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, Dayan was in town with his wife **Rachel** to talk to Egyptian officials about opening the borders between their two countries. At one point a storeowner proudly showed him a copy of a pharaonic deity. "It's very nice," said Dayan, an accomplished

archaeologist, "but I don't collect replicas."

The first bench sitter once worked with a woman named **Gracie**, the last one with a man named **Jackie**, and the middle one with **Marilyn Monroe** and **Marlon Brando**. Today, Actors **George Burns** and **Art Carney** and Actors Studio Patriarch **Lee Strasberg** are teamed for *Going in Style*, now filming in New York City. "It's about three old guys living together on Social Security," explains Burns, who at 83 is the oldest of the trio. "I asked Lee how old he was. He told me 77, so



Steve Ford saddles up his horse on the set in Mexico

I asked him to get me a glass of water." Burns cracks that he has no trouble looking the part—"with a lot of makeup." Say good night, George.

There are campaign trails, which he traveled for his dad, and there are horse trails, which he travels for himself. Now **Steven Ford**, 23, son of the former President, has discovered more happy trails: he plays a deputy in an upcoming comedy western called *Cattle Annie and Little Britches*. Has the seasoned rodeo rider had any acting training? Sure, says Ford: "The 2½ years I spent being a President's son."

With her sinewy shanks and thew thighs, the new nurse in Pine Valley Hospital on ABC's daytime soap *All My Children* could easily be a pro athlete. She is: it's Czech-born Tennis Czarina **Martina Navratilova**, 22, making her acting debut. As a nurse named

Bolasni in episode No. 2,448, Navratilova is on-camera for exactly four seconds, time enough to walk past a couch and out of the picture. She only emotes during an off-camera stethoscopy by the show's heartthrob, Dr. **Chuck Tyler** (**Richard Van Vleet**). "They probably didn't know I spoke English," grumbled the 1978 Wimbledon champ.



Navratilova sits for a checkup

On the Record

William McGill, Columbia University's president since 1970, on his retirement next year at 58: "Ten years in my profession makes me an old man."

Steve Ross, chairman of Warner Communications, on the firing of the coach of Warner's Cosmos soccer team after the club lost two of its first eleven games: "This is show business, no matter what you think. You're judged by your last hit."

William Sloane Coffin, Presbyterian minister and antiwar activist, on strategic arms talks: "We must be moved to press not only for SALT II, but for SALT III, IV, V and VI. We have to be meek, or there will be no one left to inherit the earth."



George Burns, Lee Strasberg and Art Carney settle down on a bench in New York City

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3 What components are covered?

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4 What is the provision for rental expense?

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5 Is there an allowance for towing and road service?

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6 Is there a money-back offer?

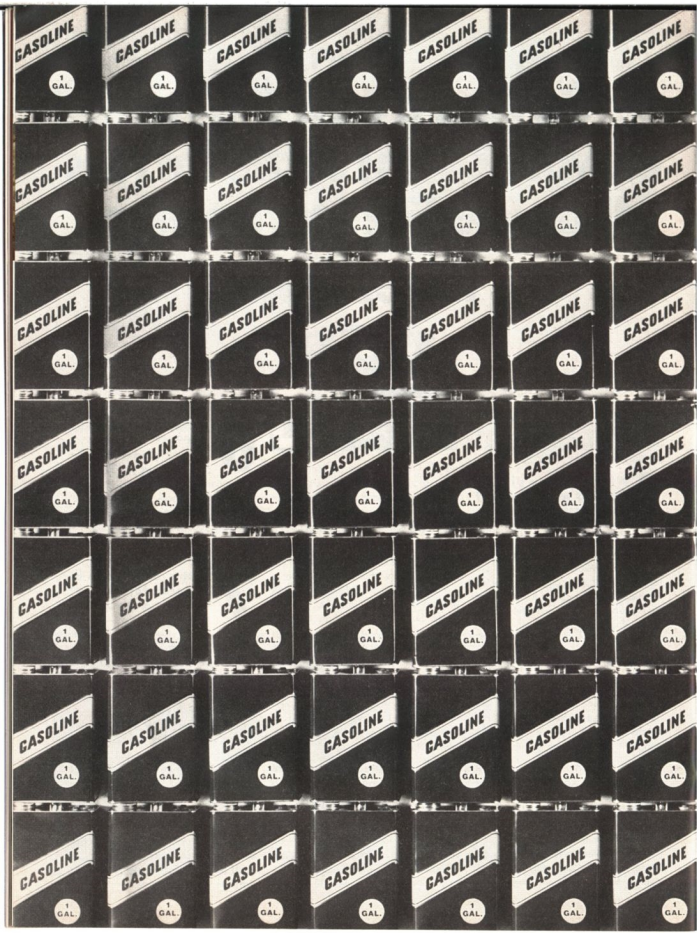
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Living

All Gassed Up

Weekending a tankful away

The closing of service stations on weekends amounts to house arrest for millions of Americans," declares Jim Hines indignantly. As a vice president of Holiday Inns, Inc., Hines is neither disinterested nor powerless. Says he: "You're sitting there with more than 1,500 Holiday Inns in the U.S., with 20% of them at roadside, and you begin thinking, hard." The motel chain's response: the National Travel Gas Advisory Plan, with every inn "holidexing" daily into a computer information about fuel availability at some five nearby stations. Tourists who call 800-238-8000 can find out which inns—and hence which regions—are well supplied with gas. In the two weeks since the plan began, 1,400 people have called to inquire.

Other hotels within a fuel tank's distance from big cities have been advertising that gasoline is available to their registered guests for side trips, as well as their return home. Harry Kelley, the expansive mayor of Ocean City, Md., has become something of a national celebrity by appearing on TV and announcing a "secret plan" to assure visitors enough gasoline to get home again.

If hotels and resorts are battling the effects of the gas shortage, so too are Americans who like their weekends. "I paid a lot of money just a few years ago for my place in Somerset County," says Richard Pendel, a Pittsburgh steelworker, "and I'll be damned if I'll let those oil companies destroy my investment." Pendel's dangerous solution: to stash extra gasoline in the trunk of his car. Hardware and auto supply stores across the country report a run on gas cans, and in Texas drivers are installing special surplus tanks in their pickup trucks and recreational vehicles.

Such tactics must seem like small potatoes to former Navy Secretary J. William Middendorf II, who this spring had a 4,000-gal. underground tank installed in the front yard of his four-acre McLean, Va., estate. The tank should ensure him enough gas to travel about 10,000 miles a year for seven years in a standard six-cylinder sedan. So many of Middendorf's prosperous neighbors prudently followed suit that last week the Fairfax, Va., Board of Supervisors adopted an emergency ordinance prohibiting any further tank installations.

Suddenly, driving distances seem to be reckoned in tankfuls, not miles. Being "just a tankful away" is now the come-on for cottages, motels and beaches. So far, tourist centers within a tank of major cities have not suffered appreciably from the gas shortage: attendance at Williamsburg, Va., 158 miles from Washington, D.C., has actually been up, and Disneyland, which is only 27 miles from metropolitan Los Angeles, also reports increased patronage. Businesses in areas that are more isolated, like Las Vegas, the Florida Everglades and Lake Tahoe, though, have suffered. Overall weekend automobile travel in the U.S. is down about 15% compared with this time a year ago.

The trend will doubtless continue. This works to the advantage of railroads, bus lines, short-hop airlines and, ironically enough, the rental car business. For one thing, people who once drove to a nearby city may now fly and then rent a car, which usually comes with a full tank. Meanwhile with gas allotments for June down to as little as 80% of last year's consumption, filling station attendants are rising in status. When William R. Bonnett Jr., 22, filed as a Democratic candidate for the Baltimore City Council last week, the Baltimore *Sun* reported that he "works at his father's service station" and even gave the address. Heaven knows how many voters may drive over to the gas pump just to pledge their support. ■

Press

Doonesday

A comic stripped from the Post

They called it Blackout Monday. All over the nation's capital beary bureaucrats, lobbyists and pols stared over their morning newspapers in sudden shock. A shake-up? A scandal? A sudden outbreak of civility? No, far worse: *Doonesbury* was missing.

Since 1970 Garry Trudeau's Pulitzer-winning comic strip of political satire, zinging wit and characters resembling real personalities on the national scene had become a daily ritual for readers of the Washington *Post*. Last month Universal Press Syndicate, which distributes *Doonesbury* to the *Post* and 470 other newspapers, merged with the Washington Star Syndicate. As part of the deal, *Doonesbury* would be stripped from the *Post* and handed over to the rival *Star* (along with *Tank McNamara* and *Cathy*). For the long-suffering *Star* (circ. 328,612), nabbing *Doonesbury* from the prosperous *Post* (circ. 601,913) was clearly a coup. The *Star*, an afternoon paper acquired last year by Time Inc., also plans to launch a morning edition next month to compete more directly with the *Post*.

Doonesbury is scheduled to begin in the *Star* on June 24, but last week *Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee suspended the strip, leaving it with no Washington outlet for three weeks. "I was going to run it until we lost it,"

Bradlee fumed. "When the *Star* started promoting it, I said the hell with it." He reported that Cartoonist Trudeau, who avoids interviews, was not consulted. Said Bradlee: "He told me he felt as though he had been traded from the Redskins to the San Diego Padres."

Rising to the crisis, local radio and television stations broadcast the blacked-out *Doonesbury*. New York Senator Daniel P. Moynihan had the strips telexed to his office every morning from the Buffalo *Courier-Express*. The *Star* promised to run all three weeks' worth on June 25. Meanwhile, the White House added *Doonesbury* to the President's daily news summary. Vowed Press Secretary Jody Powell: "As soon as the Department of Energy and the Department of Justice get through looking for rip-offs by the oil industry, we are going to let them look for *Doonesbury*." ■

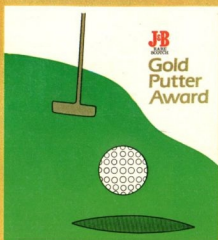


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Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Worried and Without Friends at Court

Newspaper editors have a fear that they aren't admired enough. John Hughes, who retired this month as editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* and last month completed a term as president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, warned his colleagues in a farewell address that "our profession . . . isn't currently in high repute. The polls indicate that our credibility with the public is lower than that of many other professions." There are three things wrong with that statement. Newspaper editing isn't a profession, its public standing is about as high as it ever is, and polls on such nebulous questions chiefly reflect the current soggy misanthropy of public mistrust about all American institutions.

But the editors' self-consciousness about their status is considerable and is having some curious effects. One is the way the Chicago *Sun-Times* lost a Pulitzer Prize that the nominating jury had recommended it for.

For five months, reporters for the paper had clandestinely operated a Chicago bar called the Mirage tavern, gathering notes on building and fire inspectors as they asked for illegal side payments.

Street-wise in a machine-dominated city, Editor James Hoge had lawyers meticulously instruct his reporters in how to avoid committing entrapment. In the past, such *Front Page*-style enterprise has consistently won Pulitzers. As deception, it is not all that different from the confrontation theater that often gives CBS's *60 Minutes* its liveliest episodes.

But one of the Pulitzer judges, Eugene Patterson of the St. Petersburg *Times*, was worried about changing moral standards. Newspapers become censorious when Government agents misrepresent themselves, he noted, and are generally more sensitive to invasions of privacy. (Patterson conceded that he has at times authorized his own reporters to disguise themselves, and reserves the right to do so again.) As Patterson and his fellow judges groped their way through these ethical thickets, James ("Scotty") Reston of the New York *Times* was worried that they might be getting too moralistic. So he volunteered a distinction between pretense and deceit. Reporters often pretend to know more than they do, he said, to get a source to tell the full story; that's O.K. Deceit is the more elaborate subterfuge the *Sun-Times* practiced. Having ingested this bit of Talmudic Calvinism, the judges gave the Pulitzer to someone else.

Another curious effect of the editors' new self-consciousness is that some of them have grown sensitive about how often the press cries wolf over the First Amendment. It's no secret that Nixon's Gang of Four on the Supreme Court bears little love for the press; an even deeper animus seems to reside in President Kennedy's appointee, Byron White. (He's not grateful either when newspaper accounts invariably recall that Mr. Justice White was once better known to you and me as Whizzer White, football star.) But each court attempt to redefine the press's responsibility in libel suits or criminal trials isn't necessarily tearing the First

Amendment to tatters, neither are "American courts on a rampage" against the press, as former CBS Correspondent Daniel Schorr argues. Critics often lament court decisions for their "chilling effect"—a mealy phrase that should have gone out with the McCarthy era, when the normal good sense of timorous people was too easily chilled.

Nowhere is editorial ambivalence more apparent than on the question of supporting the *Progressive* magazine in its attempt to publish an article and chart showing how a nuclear bomb works. The magazine is now under federal injunction not to publish its report, an unprecedented case of prior restraint that is troubling to all editors. Overcoming their initial misgivings, the board of directors of the A.S.N.E. voted unanimously to support the *Progressive's* appeal. With somewhat less agonizing, the American Society of Magazine Editors last week announced that it too would back the appeal.

But what troubles the newspaper editors came out clearly in a conference of journalists, lawyers and scientists



John Hughes

Sun-Times's Hoge

Progressive's Knoll

assembled in mid-April by the Alicia Patterson Foundation to discuss the case. Several top scientists present agreed that the *Progressive* article could help such nations as Taiwan, South Africa, South Korea and Argentina to develop a bomb more quickly. No editor at the conference said he would have printed the article. Nor were editors impressed by Editor Erwin Knoll's stated motive to attack secrecy as unworkable and thus somehow to frustrate the nuclear arms race. Couldn't the point be made, they

wondered, without illustrating the secret in question?

Instead of publishing the article on his own responsibility, as editors normally do, Knoll submitted it to the Government first. Far from being eager to throttle the press, the Government ignored several letters and persistent phone calls from the magazine before taking action against it. Knoll explained that his attorney had warned him that the Atomic Energy Act is so broadly written that editors can be prosecuted not just for printing Government secrets but also for publishing information that the *Progressive* says it gathered entirely in the public domain or through interviews. Knoll told the editors: "I now regret having followed our attorney's advice." To which Washington Post Editor Ben Bradlee replied: "Now, because of some chicken lawyer . . . you've got me cornered into supporting you—reluctantly. I do it with about as much enthusiasm as I would Larry Flynt and Hustler."

One ground for the *Progressive's* appeal is that prior judicial restraint can be imposed only when publication would "surely result in direct, immediate and irreparable damage to our nation." These are tough standards to meet before a court can enjoin the press. They were laid down in the Pentagon papers case—and by members of the very Burger Court, Justice White concurring, that so many editors believe is hopelessly biased against the press.

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Architecture

Prizewinning Arena Collapses

Kansas City showcase in ruins

Shortly after the American Institute of Architects gathered in Kansas City last week for its annual convention, dozens of members slipped off to study the city's architectural showcase: the R. Crosby Kemper Jr. Memorial Arena, the 17,000-seat sports and concert coliseum that was the site of the 1976 Republican Convention. Designed by Helmut Jahn, of the Chicago firm of C.F. Murphy Associates, the sleek, futuristic building had several distinctive structural features. One was the sweep of interior space, 324 ft. long, without a single interior support. Another was the three huge exterior trusses, or interlocking networks of pipes, that marched up, across and over the cool white structure, holding up the roof and giving the building a light, lacy effect. That combination of lightness and strength had won Jahn one of the AIA's prestigious design awards in 1976.

But evidently something was not strong enough. In the evening, after the visiting architects had left the arena, a tremendous rainstorm hit the city, dumping 4 in. of rain in 30 minutes. Shortly after it began, Arthur LaMaster, the supervisor on duty in the deserted building, noticed water pouring down two sides of the \$250,000 scoreboard, which was suspended from the center of the ceiling. Then he heard a roar "like a pounding of a sledge hammer on concrete." The 18-ton scoreboard came crashing down, and more than half of the arena's roof collapsed.



Looking down into Kemper Arena through exterior trusses and collapsed roof

The latest spectacular failure sent architects scurrying back to study their designs.

Twisted steel, broken glass and insulation material thundered onto the seats below. It was the worst architectural disaster since the roof of the Hartford, Conn., Civic Center caved in under 4.8 in. of snow in January 1978.

The collapse of the five-year-old, \$12.2 million facility stunned both Kansas City and the visiting architects, among them Jahn, 39. Ironically he had come to receive another citation, this one for a gym in South Bend, Ind., and he heard the bad news while at one of the festive banquets. "It's just terrible," he said. "The building was designed to withstand certain winds and certain conditions, but there are such things as acts of nature."

The cause of the collapse could not immediately be pinpointed, but theories abounded. One held that rain water on the arena's roof had not drained off properly; an estimated 640 tons deluged the roof before it gave way. City Engineer

Don Hurlbert had another theory: fluctuations in air pressure, perhaps caused by a blown-out window, might have caused more pressure to build up under the roof than above it, literally blowing the roof off. Privately, some architects speculated that the arena may have been more vulnerable structurally to atmospheric pressures because its main supports, the exterior pipe networks, all ran in one direction; buildings with crisscrossed main supports, or double trusses, are thought to be sturdier.

Two days after the collapse, James Stratta, a California civil engineer who specializes in the analysis of structural failures, was hired by Kansas City to investigate the disaster. After sifting through the debris, Stratta will review the architectural drawings, construct a model of the building and subject it to wind, water and weight experiments.

With its arena in ruins, Kansas City faces an immediate financial loss if it cannot rebook scheduled events into other facilities. The earliest projected date that the coliseum can reopen is November. City officials are worried, however, that even after the coliseum is thoroughly checked out and rebuilt, Kansas City residents will be afraid to use it.

The latest in a succession of spectacular failures (including, besides Hartford, the collapse in 1978 of the snow-laden auditorium roof at the C.W. Post Center in Brookville, N.Y.), the Kemper disaster sent worried architects scurrying back to study their latest designs. There is widespread fear that the reputation of the profession is eroding—and with some reason, according to former AIA President Elmer Botsai. His successful San Francisco firm specializes in correcting other architects' errors. Although workmanship and materials are often faulty, he says, "fundamental design failure" is almost always involved. Echoed one worried AIA conventioner in Kansas City: "It's like the DC-10. There is public misgiving." ■



The 17,000-seat interior filled with rubble of steel, glass and insulation

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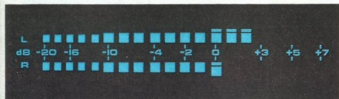
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All alone, Coastal scores the upset of the Thoroughbred racing season

Sport

The Triple Crown Denied

Coastal upsets Spectacular Bid in the Belmont

Since Sir Barton first won the Triple Crown of American Thoroughbred racing in 1919, eight horses have captured the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness Stakes, only to have their hopes founder over the grueling 1½-mile distance of the Belmont Stakes. So it happened in 1969, when Majestic Prince, a handsome and bighearted chestnut, was unable to stave off the wearying effects of his hard campaign for the Crown and was beaten by Arts and Letters. Majestic Prince never raced again. But last Saturday his son Coastal came to the Belmont and avenged his father's defeat, dashing Spectacular Bid's Triple Crown dreams with a galvanic, come-from-behind run that took him to the wire a winner by ¾ lengths.

It was a marvelous race by the inexperienced colt and his veteran jockey, Ruben Hernandez. Coastal had raced but three times this year after an eye injury late in his two-year-old season forced a long layoff. He was fresh and ready to run the Belmont distance, and run he did. Hernandez held him off the lead through the first mile of the race, rating him gently behind the leaders, well outside of traffic. Meanwhile, Spectacular Bid's jockey, Ron Franklin, pushed his colt to the front as the horses moved out of the clubhouse turn and into the long backstretch. Franklin had made an early move in the Preakness, and Spectacular Bid had saved enough to finish in front, but the short Preakness distance of 1¼ miles is made for front runners.

Not so the Belmont. Spectacular Bid

tired and, as the horses moved to the top of the homestretch, veered wearily outside. Hernandez drove Coastal through the narrow opening on the rail, and the Belmont was theirs. Spectacular Bid faded, finishing behind second-place Golden Act. Coastal's victory earned \$161,400 for California Owner-Breeder William H. Perry, and the payoff was especially sweet. Since Coastal had been unable to race until April, Perry had failed to nominate him for the Belmont and had been forced to ante up a last-minute supplemental entry fee of \$20,000 to make his colt eligible for the race. Coastal thus became the first supplemental entry ever to win the Belmont Stakes. As for Spectacular Bid, Jockey Franklin offered no excuses. "My horse choked," he said. "He just got tired in the last eighth of a mile."

Lightly raced throughout his career, Coastal had not been entered in the other Triple Crown events. He came to Belmont as the perfect dark horse for a race that treats long shots kindly. Casual racing fans may favor the julep-soaked hoopla of the Kentucky Derby or the high-speed sprint of the Preakness, but the Belmont and its demanding distance hold a special place of honor among horsemen: "The Test of the Champion." Only a horse in top form and full of racing heart can make the final closing rush for this third and most difficult leg of the Triple Crown. Coastal's triumph over Spectacular Bid, who had an air of invincibility as the day began, will be remembered as one of the great upsets in the sport's history. ■

Milestones

MARRIED. Anatoli Karpov, 28, Soviet chess ace and world champion since 1975; and Irina Kulmova, 25, ex-staffer on the Soviet Committee of Youth Organizations; both for the first time; in Moscow.

DIED. Ján Kadar, 61, expatriate Czechoslovak film director; of respiratory failure; in Los Angeles. The Hungarian-born Kadar, a wartime labor camp survivor, focused so sharply in his movies on the rights of individuals that Czechoslovak film authorities once suspended his license to work. He fled to the U.S. "to be a free citizen" when Soviet tanks crushed the brief "Prague spring" liberalization in 1968; that was three years after he had produced his masterwork, *The Shop on Main Street*, a haunting drama about an elderly Jewish woman who is betrayed to the Nazis by a cowardly collaborator.

DIED. Werner Forssmann, 74, Nobel-prize-winning German surgeon; of a heart attack; in Schopfheim, West Germany. Forssmann's 1956 prize recognized a feat he had performed 27 years earlier as an intern: defying a then prevalent medical taboo against tampering with the living heart, he threaded a thin tube through the vein of his left arm until it reached his right ventricle. The catheterization technique he thus pioneered became a standard tool in treating cardiac problems.

DIED. Leonard Hall, 78, former Republican Congressman from Long Island who, as G.O.P. national chairman in the mid-'50s, helped persuade Dwight Eisenhower to run for a second term despite his 1955 heart attack, and then orchestrated his big 1956 win over Democrat Adlai Stevenson; of a stroke; in Glen Cove, N.Y.

DIED. Jack Haley, 79, jovial Boston-born stage and screen comedian best remembered as the Tin Woodman, Judy Garland's fellow pilgrim on the yellow brick road in the 1939 MGM film classic *The Wizard of Oz*; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. Haley parlayed his blue-eyed Irish good looks, comic flair ("Trouble is my best material") and talent for song and dance routines into a lucrative career that allowed him to all but retire after World War II as a millionaire real estate investor. Last appearance: in *Norwood*, a 1970 movie directed by his son Jack Haley Jr.

DIED. Philip Van Horn Weems, 90, navigation expert; of pneumonia; in Annapolis, Md. A Tennessee farm boy who graduated with the same U.S. Naval Academy class ('12) as Explorer Admiral Richard Byrd, Weems developed many navigational methods and devices, among them the Weems plotter, treasured by pilots from World War II on. An adviser to Byrd and Charles Lindbergh, Weems was often called back to duty after retiring as a Navy captain in 1933, the last time to devise an instrument allowing astronauts to find their way without using computers.

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"I wonder if we shouldn't start hoarding things before it becomes unpatriotic again."

DRAWING BY CHON DAY. © 1948, 1978 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

Behavior

Hoarding Days

Is it as American as apple pie?

In Cleveland, a crowd of 50,000 besieges three downtown butcher shops. A California woman collects 8,400 cans of food. And the run on sugar and sugar substitutes is so great that many beehives are stolen for their honey.

Shades of the future as more shortages cripple the country? No, this outbreak of hoarding occurred during World War II just before the Government imposed rationing. Now, as the lines at gasoline stations conjure up new visions of shortages, the question again arises whether Americans will embark on more hoarding sprees.

Some commentators on American behavior think that today's sporadic hoarding of gasoline is an isolated phenomenon unlikely to spread to other products. Says Sociologist Amitai Etzioni: "People have a very emotional stake in their cars. It's not rational and subject to the usual calculations." But others view it more seriously. Says Harvard Historian Frank Freidel: "Hoarding is an absolutely typical American trait."

Indeed, many social scientists warn of a "shortage psychosis" and see the jittery outbreaks of minor hoarding during the '70s—runs on saccharin, beef, coffee and canning lids—as a sign of a major problem ahead. If uncertainty is allowed to continue, says Johns Hopkins Behavioral Scientist M. Harvey Brenner, "then people are really likely to do panicky things."

One lesson learned during World War II is that hoarding of one item can cause a run on another. In 1943 the rationing of shoes touched off hoarding of clothes, and the rationing of canned meats and fish started panic buying of canned vegetables and fruit. Another lesson is that

scarcity is not essential to hoarding. In 1973, reporting a Congressman's fatuous remark that supplies might grow short, TV Host Johnny Carson touched off nationwide panic buying of toilet paper.

One key ingredient in all hoarding, explains U.C.L.A. Sociologist Ralph Turner, is public distrust. Says he: "The ordinary human being knows that Government authorities and business leaders give a lot higher priority to keeping the populace calm than to telling the truth."

Factors other than a loss of faith in government may also be at work: a competitive culture, high anxiety about the economy and conflicting reports on which shortages are long-term or temporary. Says Sociologist Jackie Boles of Georgia State University: "At times like this we need strong leadership to jolt people out of this competitive behavior. Unfortunately, our leadership has said, 'Yes, we have an energy shortage,' and 'No, we don't have an energy shortage.' People are operating in a vacuum of leadership." Adds Brenner: "The public will try to get the facts themselves, and when no reliable facts are available, they will create their own drama."

As that drama unfolds, the only verifiable fact is that lines are forming, and anyone reluctant to join may not get his share. Says Detroit Psychologist Philip Owen: "If an individual sees a line, he's apt to get into it, even if he doesn't know what it's for." Social pressures against overbuying disappear; everyone can hoard in good conscience. One refrain dates back to World War II: "I'm just stocking up before the hoarders get here."

Hoarding could become more severe than it was during the war. Says Princeton Historian Eric Goldman: "Rationing was resented then, but it was temporary; all we had to do was win the war. Today's nagging feeling about shortages comes from being helpless. [that] we aren't going to get out of this easily."

Law

The Other 99%

A setback for women's rights

Military veterans have been given a leg up at getting government jobs since the Civil War. To reward sacrifice and ease the transition into civilian life, the Federal Government as well as almost every state gives veterans some sort of preference over other public job seekers. In Massachusetts, the preference is permanent and absolute: veterans have a lifetime right to be hired before anyone else anytime they pass the civil service test.

Like 99.2% of the women in Massachusetts, Helen Feeney is not a veteran. As a state employee, she was repeatedly turned down for better government jobs that went to ex-servicemen with lower scores on civil service exams. Deciding that further competition was futile, she brought a sex discrimination suit in 1975, charging Massachusetts with violating her constitutional rights. She won the first round: a lower court decided that the state's law favoring vets had a "devastating impact" on civil service job opportunities for women.

But last week the U.S. Supreme Court ruled 7 to 2 against Feeney and for absolute hiring preferences for veterans. The Massachusetts law works to "the overwhelming advantage of men," acknowledged the court. And Justice Potter Stewart's majority opinion allowed that veterans' preferences are "an awkward—and many argue, unfair—exception to the widely shared view that merit and merit alone should prevail in the employment policies of the Government." But just showing that the law had a harmful effect on women was not enough, wrote Stewart. The question was whether the state law was designed to discriminate against women. The court found that it was not, noting that male non-veterans suffered too.

That distinction did not make much sense to two dissenters, Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan. They argued that since Massachusetts could have easily foreseen the unfair impact on women, it should have looked for a less drastic way to help vets, like adding points to their civil service scores.

Though the armed services are now about 7% female, a 2% Government quota on women kept the military virtually all male for years. Said Eleanor Smeal, president of the National Organization for Women: "We have now been given the double whammy. Women have been told they're not wanted in the armed forces and then that for the rest of their lives, they can be passed over in favor of men who are less qualified for government service."



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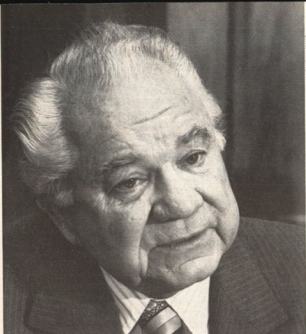
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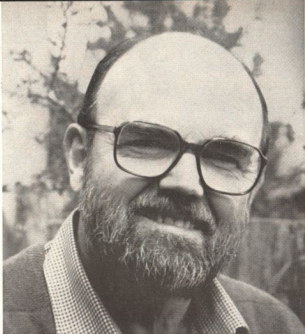


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Leon Jaworski: the client goes to jail, the lawyer to the office



John Ehrlichman: no high-mindedness or purity—just fear

Books

A Convict and His Prosecutor

THE WHOLE TRUTH by John Ehrlichman; Simon & Schuster; 444 pages; \$10.95
CONFESSION AND AVOIDANCE by Leon Jaworski; Anchor; 325 pages; \$10.95

The green tide of Watergate-writing cash keeps rolling on. John Dean's *Blind Ambition* crests in a four-part TV spectacular. Judge John Sirica's refreshingly unjuridical *To Set the Record Straight* surges onto the bestseller lists. Now comes John Ehrlichman's second novel, *The Whole Truth*, a racy Washington scandal spin-off aimed at reeling in a movie or TV contract, as did his first, *The Company*. More modestly, Leon Jaworski offers a spare memoir, *Confession and Avoidance*, his second Watergate book, which seems pitched in too low a key to unlock any box-office riches.

For a former lawyer and top-level bureaucrat, Ehrlichman writes surprisingly well in *The Whole Truth*. His Dean-like character, walking into a televised Senate hearing, "had no awareness of moving the parts of his body. He rolled on wheels, pulled by a string." Ehrlichman dwells too much on describing the furnishings of the capital's most notable drawing rooms, apparently in search of credentials as a serious novelist. Yet he knows Washington intimately enough to lure the reader along, even into that "double bed" above the Attorney General's office, which had been "the historic scene of demanding if unofficial activities of Smythe's predecessors, their high-ranking brothers and sundry surrogates." Yes, the rumored past meshes readily with the fic-

tional future as Ehrlichman's President Hugh Frankling faces the danger in 1981 of becoming "the third elected President in a row" to resign from office. Ehrlichman never explains how or why the second, Jimmy Carter, was pushed out.

As fast fiction with a dash of suspense, the novel is fun. But if taken as what it purports to be, a deeper look at Washington morality than Ehrlichman provided in *The Company*, it falls far short of being anything near, well, the whole truth.

The plot is not complex. A Hollywoodish U.S. conglomerate boss bribes President Frankling with a \$250,000 campaign donation to get a White House meeting at which he warns that a leftist government in Uruguay is about to expropriate his assets there. He then suggests that the CIA could stop it. White House Aide Robin Warren is ordered by the President to see what the CIA can do. It, of course, suggests a coup. Frankling gets drunk on his yacht and tells Warren to give the CIA a green light. Alas, the Uruguayan junta learns of the caper. In the international uproar, the President denies ever knowing of such a scheme. Poor Warren then pulls a John Dean. He tells the world that Frankling is lying. Why take on the President? "I was afraid of getting caught in the lies . . . No high-minded-

Excerpts

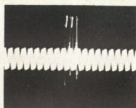
“ Robin Warren experienced a thrill. This is how it must have been done when Kennedy embargoed Cuba, and Nixon invaded Cambodia, and Ford rescued the *Mayaguez*. Those moments in recent history began with a few men in these very rooms, deciding life and death; now he was one of those men. It was not so much a feeling of pride; it was fulfillment . . . He wondered if they always felt high when they dealt with these issues of life and death.

— *The Whole Truth*

I felt sympathy for some of the men around Nixon, especially John Mitchell. He was a gruff bear of a man who had been outstanding in the narrow field of bond law. He was an interesting fellow, cordial, in contrast to the cold and forbidding image many had of him. He went off to prison without a whimper, with a certain poise and dignity. The costliest mistake John Mitchell ever made was taking the job of Attorney General. He simply was not qualified for it.

— *Confession and Avoidance*

”



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ness or purity involved at all—just fear."

Like Nixon, President Frankling discovers that he cannot protect his lies. For one thing, a crewman on the yacht can blow his story. But unlike Nixon, this President does not wait until it is too late. He confesses on television, promising not to seek re-election but pleading to be allowed to finish his term. Clearly, Ehrlichman believes Nixon could have saved himself by making a similar confession before he became fatally entangled in his tapes. Ehrlichman probably is right.

As a morality tale, *The Whole Truth* takes such a sour view of Washington's public and private lives that all distinctions are lost. Not a single member of Ehrlichman's Washington press corps is properly concerned about the dangers of deception from the Oval Office. Instead, out of pure spite, "the press turned on Frankling like a rabid dog and sank its fangs deep." Not a single member of a Senate committee cares about the true origins of the CIA coup; all are either out to get or to protect the President. While Ehrlichman nicely catches the mannerisms of Sam Ervin ("As he shook hands his wattles quivered"), his chairman accepts a bribe to lay off the President, and then reneges. Yet there were some good guys in Watergate, including Jaworski and, yes, Ervin. It is too bad that Ehrlichman, who can write with some humor, has let his prison perspective blot them all out.

In *Confession and Avoidance*, Jaworski takes a detached view of his career. "No matter how the case ends," he notes, "although the client may be going to prison or beyond, a lawyer is only going back to the office." Basically a collection of sprightly anecdotes tracing his 54 years as a lawyer, the book moves briskly from his beginnings in Waco, Texas (where he was shunned for defending a black man accused of killing a white couple, only to discover he had naively and wrongly believed in the defendant's innocence), but bogs down in a plodding explanation of the complex Korean bribery scandal.

In between, Jaworski grew increasingly sophisticated as he handled the high-stakes legal problems of Texas Oil Millionaire Glenn McCarthy and Lyndon Johnson, prosecuted U.S. and Nazi soldiers accused of crimes against civilians, prepared to prosecute Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett for stalling integration at Ole Miss, headed the Texas investigation into President Kennedy's assassination for the Warren Commission and prosecuted Watergate. As he reviews those historic cases, the gentlemanly Jaworski sometimes looks back in anger. Handling some of the lower-level Nazi trials, Jaworski recalls that "I felt, as I have not felt before or since, a cold rage." Jaworski blasts "the crackpots and the gullible" who accept conspiracy theories in the Kennedy assassination, particularly the notion that Oswald was a Soviet agent. "If the KGB selects its spies from such ma-

Books

terial, then the wrong Marx—Groucho, not Karl—founded Communism."

On Watergate, Jaworski recalls that when he first heard the tapes, the evidence of Nixon's lies was obvious. Even worse, Jaworski concluded that "a paranoid and vindictive man had dishonored the presidency." Contends Jaworski: "There are tape recordings unrelated to Watergate that have still not become public, but eventually may, that will show even more clearly the extent to which Richard Nixon abused his office... The abuses of power, on the scale practiced by the Nixon White House, did begin with Watergate."

While both books are well worth reading, both are also disappointing. Increasingly competent at his new craft, Ehrlichman is still trying to smash back at what he saw as his oppressors. A shrewd and tough lawyer, Jaworski is too intent on dissecting evidence to draw perceptive conclusions on what he has learned from such a rich career in the law. Ehrlichman's message twists in the winds of his bias. Jaworski, at least in this book, delivers none.

—Ed Magnuson

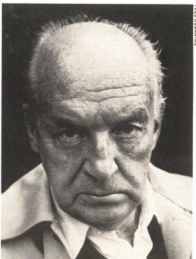
Chain Mail

THE NABOKOV-WILSON LETTERS: 1940-1971

Edited by Simon Karlinsky
Harper & Row; 346 pages; \$15

During their long, lively correspondence, they addressed each other as Bunny and Volodya. They agreed to disagree about Beauty and Truth but fell out over nits. They discussed collaborations but never consummated them. They longed for each other's company, then rejected invitations. They were by all counts the odd couple of American letters.

Bunny was Edmund Wilson, the great



Vladimir Nabokov

Comparing notes on a shared mistress.

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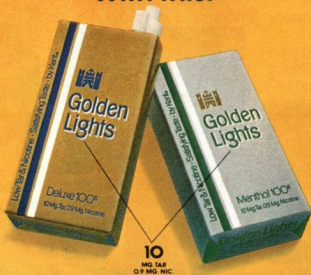
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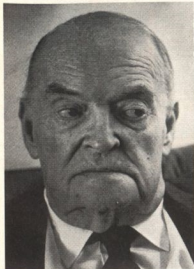
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Books



Edmund Wilson

Twenty years of mutual towel-snapping.

comparativist from Red Bank, N.J., who foraged ravenously through history, politics, sociology and at least half a dozen acquired languages to give U.S. literary studies an international style. Volodya was Vladimir Nabokov, the great taxonomist of loss from St. Petersburg, Russia, who chased memories of a dispersed culture over two continents and became one of the foremost novelists of the century.

The men met in 1940, shortly after Nabokov arrived in New York with his wife and young son. Nabokov had fled Hitler's Europe with little money and few possessions. Even his reputation as the literary star of the Russian emigration was left behind. Wilson did his best to import it. He talked up Nabokov, found him reviewing assignments, advised him about publishers and warned him that puns did not go over with American editors.

Nabokov's high spirits and intellectual playfulness were both amusing and rankling to Wilson. The American's ideas about important literature leaned more toward social and political content than art for art's sake. Nabokov demurred, but his answer was not frivolous: "The longer I live the more I become convinced that the only thing that matters in literature is the (more or less irrational) *shamstvo* of a book, i.e., that the good writer is first of all an enchanter."

As a fiction writer, Wilson's eye was quicker than his hand. He would never equal Nabokov's magic. Yet, like most of the intellectuals of his time, Wilson was fascinated by all things Russian. He had written sympathetically about Lenin and the Soviet Revolution in *To the Finland Station* and had, at the time of his first meeting with Nabokov, added the aristocratic newcomer's language to his long list of merit badges.

Russian, in fact, bound them together

and eventually broke them apart. This theme is the most consistent in their extended correspondence and reads as though two worldly gentlemen were comparing notes on a shared mistress. Yet between the lines about metrics and grammar grinds a mutual competitiveness. Blood was finally drawn in 1965; it was the best heavyweight bout since F.R. Leavis took on C.P. Snow a few years before. Wilson's review of Nabokov's four-volume translation of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* suggested that his old friend not only was deficient in his native tongue but also practiced bad manners. This went far beyond the towel-snapping of their letters, and brought their correspondence to a halt that lasted six years. When Nabokov wrote again, in 1971, it was to express his concern for Wilson's failing health and to rekindle old affections. The letter is conciliatory without giving an inch or, as Nabokov preferred, a thumb. "Please believe that I have long ceased to bear you a grudge for your incomprehensible incomprehension of Pushkin's and Nabokov's *Onegin*." Six days later Wilson replies: "I was very glad to get your letter... I am correcting my errors in Russian in my piece on Nabokov-Pushkin, but citing a few more of your ineptitudes."

A 20-year correspondence by such worthy opponents is almost unimaginable today. Literary culture has grown so vaporous that future discourse is likely to be found in collections of talk shows and anthologies of lunch dates. — R.Z. Sheppard

Love Story

LET THE LION EAT STRAW

by Ellese Southerland
Scribners; 181 pages; \$7.95

The most important thing for a black writer, Novelist Toni Morrison once said, is not to explain but to "bear witness, to record." Ellese Southerland's fine first novel bears witness to the world of her fathers and mothers, a world centered on the family, the community, the Lord. Southerland's account is lyrical and as unabashedly emotional as old-time religion. There is, for example, the author's description of a "testimonial" by the Reverend Brother Daniel A. Torch, given one hot August Sunday at Brooklyn's First Baptist Church: "The South's heat soft in the body of his song... His voice wide as the sun, filled with pain. Crying for his dead brother."

Let the *Lion Eat Straw* be the story of Abeba, the "African Flower," who is born in rural North Carolina to an absentee father and a resentful mother. That mother soon disappears, bound for Brooklyn. Abeba's first six years pass happily with old Mamma Habblesham, a midwife, in this land of makeshift and make-believe.

But then Abeba's "New York Mamma" comes to get her. Backwater Caro-



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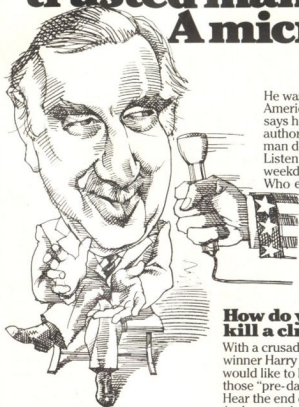


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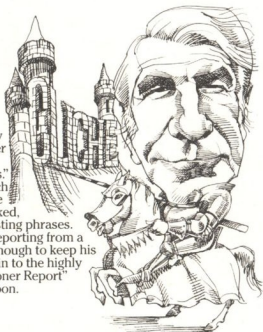
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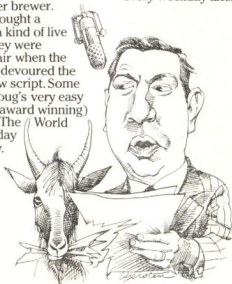
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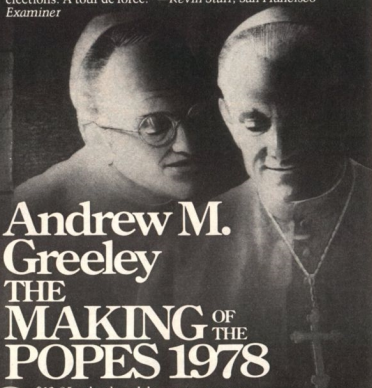
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Andrew M. Greeley THE MAKING OF THE POPES 1978

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Books

lina fades into Brooklyn blur, the shabby streets a "tangle of evening voices" and of men who act tough, talk fast, sing scat. Here Abeba, nicknamed the "Piano Girl" for the black and shiny spinet that her ambitious mother buys her, grows up to the accompaniment of Mozart and Mendelssohn. "We looking for you to make it big," her street-corner admirers tell her.

In her own way, she does. Abeba endures the death of her stepfather, and rape by her Uncle C-J, and her mother's bitter anger when she gives up Juilliard to marry Daniel Torch. She survives the horrors of a mental hospital as Daniel battles his recurring madness. Abeba's monuments are her 15 children with African names and with African pride, to carry on after she dies from cancer. "Time. Was in Aziza's hair, thick and soft. In Zaria's bright eyes. Queenly walk. Kwame's drumming... Something had been recovered from The Middle Passage. After twenty-five years of birth."

Southerland's ingredients are familiar. But what she makes of them is remarkable. A lecturer at Pace University and a poet, she compresses a lifetime of births and deaths and suffering and love into just 181 pages. Her prose deftly captures the cadences of ghetto speech (by turns garrulous, captious, earth-smart), and her spare imagery avoids all sentimentality. Instead, as its biblical title suggests, *Let the Lion Eat Straw* is a graceful hymn of love.

—Annalyn Swan

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Matarese Circle, *Ludlum* (1 last week)
2. Good as Gold, *Heller* (2)
3. The Island, *Benchley* (4)
4. Shibus, *Trevisan*
5. The Vicar of Christ, *Murphy*
6. War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (3)
7. Chesapeake, *Michener* (9)
8. Ghost Story, *Straub*
9. The Third World War, *Hackett*, et al. (7)
10. Overload, *Hailey* (6)

NONFICTION

1. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, *Tarnower & Baker* (1)
2. The Powers That Be, *Halberstam* (2)
3. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, *Pritikin with McGrady* (6)
4. How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, *Ruff* (4)
5. Lauren Bacall by Myself, *Bacall* (3)
6. The Bronx Zoo, *Lyle & Goldenbock* (5)
7. The Medusa and the Snail, *Thomas* (8)
8. To Set the Record Straight, *Sirica* (7)
9. Mommie Dearest, *Crawford*
10. Cruel Shoes, *Martin*

Time Essay

Brezhnev: Intimations of Mortality

In the weeks since the American and Soviet governments announced that Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev would meet in Vienna, June 15-18, there has been little doubt that the SALT II treaty—the centerpiece of the encounter—would be ready for their signatures. Yet there has been considerable suspense about whether the summit would ever take place. Would Brezhnev's health hold up long enough for him to attend?

For the past few months, the Kremlinologists of the Carter Administration have been doing double duty as actuaries and diagnosticians, trying by remote means to calculate the risks of travel and take the pulse of the General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and the Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. Both titles are held by a man of 72 who has eaten too much starchy food, smoked too many cigarettes and drunk too much vodka in a life full of stress, and who is now suffering from a variety of chronic neurological, respiratory and circulatory ailments. Brezhnev's physical condition has already severely drained his energy, slurred his speech and slowed his movements. It could kill or incapacitate him at any time.

Even the site of this weekend's summit is dictated by the fragility of Brezhnev's health. In 1974 Richard Nixon had traveled to Moscow and Gerald Ford to Vladivostok, so protocol required that this time the U.S. play host to the Soviet leader. But Brezhnev's doctors did not want to subject him to the rigors of a transatlantic flight. The agenda for the Vienna summit has been kept as flexible as possible to allow Brezhnev maximum time for naps and ministrations by the physicians in his entourage.

Brezhnev has good days and bad days. In April he was barely able to conduct his side of the conversation with visiting French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, while last month he seemed to have bounced back somewhat to receive Yugoslavia's Josip Broz Tito, who is 14 years older than Brezhnev but markedly more vigorous. Two weeks ago, when Brezhnev journeyed to Budapest for a perfunctory meeting with Hungarian Boss János Kádár, the local press and diplomatic corps were not so much interested in what Brezhnev said as the difficulty with which he said it. Ambassadors in a receiving line compared notes afterward on the Soviet leader's flaccid handshake and his shuffle as he mounted the steps to a speaker's platform. Brezhnev's public appearances are becoming primarily chances to examine the patient.

If, as both the Soviet and American summitteers hope, Brezhnev has a series of good days this weekend, he and Carter might conduct negotiations that would be—in fact as well as in the parlance of the communiqués—frank, businesslike and useful. But if, as both sides fear, Brezhnev has a relapse, the meeting could be little more than an anticlimactic signing



Brezhnev in Budapest

ceremony, tediously stretched out over four days. It would also be a lost, probably last opportunity for these two men, who are meeting for the first time, to thresh out some of their differences in a period of deep mistrust and misunderstanding between the superpowers.

The sicknesses of leaders have always been troublesome variables in world affairs, giving rise to some of the more tantalizing hypothetical questions of history. What if Alexander the Great had not gone on a three-day binge of eating and drinking in Persia in 323 B.C.? That overindulgence may have hastened his death at the age of 33. Would he have completed his conquest of Asia Minor and founded a more durable empire? There are historians who theorize that if Napoleon had not been suffering from hemorrhoids and insomnia at Waterloo, he would have had the presence of mind to prevent Field Marshal Blücher's retreating Prussians from joining forces with the Duke of Wellington's English army. Napoleon might then have

won the battle and changed the course of the 19th century.

As longevity has increased, the leadership of nations has fallen more and more to old men, whose experience tends to be inversely proportional to their physical vigor and sometimes their mental acuity as well. Decrepitude is particularly an occupational hazard of autocrats and leaders of authoritarian regimes. For many, their first choice is immortality. Failing that, they aspire to dying with their jackboots on and being interred in marble mausoleums.

There certainly is nothing new about the almost pathetic spectacle of an infirm Soviet leader clinging to power rather than wielding it. In Vladimir Lenin's last years a series of strokes partially paralyzed both his body and his ability to act decisively. Lenin's incapacity contributed to the rise of his successor Joseph Stalin. At the end of his life Lenin, who had been so ruthlessly effective in his prime, was reduced to whining about Stalin's "rudeness" and "suggesting" that his comrades on the Politburo remove Stalin from the post of Party General Secretary.

Stalin's own dotage and death in 1953 were marked by a macabre irony. His last purge was to have been a mammoth pogrom. The pretext was the spurious charge that the Kremlin doctors, most of them Jews, were poisoning political luminaries in their care. In his terminal paranoia, Stalin came to believe in the plot and suspected that his personal physician was a British agent. As blood vessels began to burst inside his own brain, plunging him into a prolonged agony, the dictator would not let any doctor near him on his deathbed.

Nor is there anything exclusively Soviet about the phenomenon of a leader who tries to govern—and negotiate—despite the encroachments of a fatal illness. During the Paris Peace Con-



Alexander the Great drinking in Persia



President Wilson



Emperor Napoleon



Roosevelt and Stalin at Yalta

Essay

ference in April 1919, Woodrow Wilson succumbed to severe fever and gastrointestinal illness. He tried to conduct diplomatic business from bed, but issued irrational and contradictory orders and thought the French servants waiting on him were spies. The episode may well have presaged the massive stroke six months later that left him physically and, to a large extent, politically disabled. For the rest of his presidency—and indeed his life—Wilson's wife literally guided his hand as he signed documents. Franklin Roosevelt, who had been in poor health for years, took a turn for the worse during his wartime meeting at Yalta with Stalin and Winston Churchill in February 1945. After a particularly contentious session on the future of Poland, F.D.R. developed gray splotches on his skin, a paroxysmal cough and irregular blood pressure. Two months later he was dead of a cerebral hemorrhage in Warm Springs, Ga.

Eight American Presidents have died in office, including four who were assassinated. Most of the other 31 have eventually retired to their plantations or farms, their golf and their memoirs, their home towns in the heartland, there to play the comfortable roles of folk heroes and elder statesmen. The Soviet Union has no such tradition. The top leaders there either die on the job like Lenin and Stalin, or are ousted and relegated, like Georgi Malenkov, to diplomatic exile, or, like Nikita Khrushchev, to virtual house arrest and the ignominy of being an unpardonable. Since Khrushchev's overthrow in 1964, only two higher-echelon Soviet leaders have retired because of age: Anastas Mikoyan and Nikolai Shvernik. Numerous others—including the dynamic opportunist Alexander Shelepin, the Ukrainian strongman Pyotr Shelest and the moderate reformer Gennadiy Voronov—have been expelled from the Politburo and denounced for political sins. If there were more precedent for honorable retirement, Leonid Brezhnev might have decided, on one of his bad days, to step down long before now.

Brezhnev's comrades on the Politburo probably want him to hang on as long as possible. There is a truly collective leadership. All important decisions are made by consensus. That certainly includes any decision about which of them should be first

among equals. While a retouched newspaper photograph here or a discordant note in a speech there may hint at squabbles and realignments, and while Brezhnev's possible heir, Andrei Kirilenko, may seem to be up one week and down the next, there is little doubt that whoever eventually succeeds Brezhnev will be a Brezhnevite, drawn from the ranks of the present inner circle. Meanwhile, it is easier and safer for his colleagues to keep renewing Brezhnev's own contract than to replace him.

The Soviet leaders are obsessed with projecting to their own subjects and to the world an image of stability and legitimacy. Their stability is already well established, indeed oppressively so. The same key men—Brezhnev, Premier Aleksei Kosygin, Ideologue Mikhail Suslov and a handful of others—have been at the pinnacle of power for nearly 15 years. They have outlasted three American Administrations. They have also nipped in the bud the ambitions of potential usurpers like Shelepin and Voronov. Jerry Brown would not get far in Soviet politics. It is a system firmly under the control of a conservative gerontocracy. The average age of the 13-member Politburo is 68. That of the inner circle is over 70. Despite its hostility to capitalism, the ruling Soviet elite is like nothing so much as the cautious, aging, but very powerful board of directors of a large blue-chip corporation. The board may be reluctant to retire its chairman (though most U.S. companies now enforce retirement at 65), and it is not about to hire a young, hot-shot candidate from the Young Presidents Organization to be the chief executive officer. The Soviet leaders want to resolve the problem of management succession in a way that appears orderly and dignified. Yet there is no constitutional mechanism for such transfer of power. In the past, transfers have been accompanied by upheaval and very often by bloodshed. Therefore the collective leadership is doing what comes naturally to any committee, particularly a committee made up of old men: it is procrastinating. It is hoping, from one day to the next, that Brezhnev slept well the night before, that his food agrees with him, that his medicine works—and that his stamina holds up for a summit meeting with the President of the U.S.

—Strobe Talbot

Environment

Bee's Killer

An unexpected sting

The Pedigree of Honey Does not concern the Bee—A Clover, any time, to him, Is Aristocracy.
—Emily Dickinson

That, alas, is precisely the problem. Now roughly a century after that flight of poetic fancy, clover and, indeed, a host of other crops have been laced with a chemical pesticide that may threaten the blissful honeybee with extinction. The culprit is methyl parathion, which has been used to combat pests like the boll weevil, scourge of the cotton fields. But methyl parathion is highly dangerous stuff. Only a dab will penetrate the skin, attack the nervous system and kill humans as well as insects.

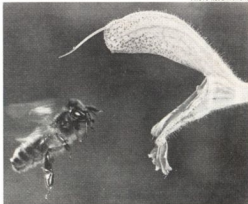
In 1974 the Environmental Protection Agency permitted a new, less dangerous form of the pesticide. Marketed commercially as PennCap-M by the Pennwalt Corp. of Philadel-

phia, it is contained in microscopic plastic capsules about the size of pollen grains. These effectively protect humans but gradually release the still potent pesticide onto crops. What scientists did not realize was that honeybees would innocently pick up the capsules as they flew from blossom to blossom gathering pollen and nectar.

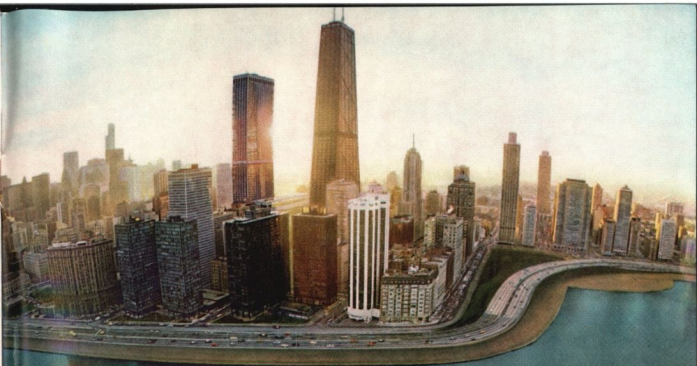
Because of the chemical's shell, the bee is at first unaffected and blithely re-

turns to the hive to make honey. But the following spring, or even two years later, disaster strikes. Larvae and young bees eat the stored pollen that has been poisoned by the chemical and die. By Entomologist Roy Barker's reckoning, just a few capsules may be enough to devastate a colony of 50,000 bees.

Other experts share Barker's concern. According to Washington State University Entomologist Carl Johansen, some 20,000 bee colonies have already been affected by the capsules. If some city folk regard that as a minor nuisance, they are sadly mistaken. Loss of the bees and the honey they produce (a \$125 million-a-year industry) is not the only danger. More than 50 different crops grown in the U.S. depend on bees for pollination. Alfalfa alone requires two or three hives per acre. Bees also play a pivotal role in such favorites as almonds, apples, squash, melons, cherries and avocados; all told, bee-pollinated crops ring up \$2 billion a year. One possible solution: restricted spraying of the capsules within four miles of hives, usually about as far as the bees ever buzz from home.



A pollinating honeybee on its regular rounds



Where the Great Plains meet the Great Lakes, we hid a case of Canadian Club.

© 1979 - 6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRSH WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 40 & 50 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

Chicago.

If you ever needed more reason to visit than its spectacular architecture and windy spirit, you've got it now. For here we've hidden a case of Canadian Club.

To find the C.C., start at a tower with stones from around the world, and cross the street nearest the Alamo stone to an ex-president. Hail the Chief with "The Best In The House," then walk right to the nearest flagpole, turn left and pass eight more. Pass 11 light poles, cross a street and pass three more. Still with us?

Who said "Less is more"?

Now look right and find Mr. "Less is more." Back on your former path, continue past a plaque recalling the last time the "outs" were "in," and head straight across an island to an "old bald cheater." Next, head toward Chicago's oldest dwelling,

counting columns in the street to 14. Here cross the street, turn right, and walk till you reach footloose rocks (not the kind you'd pour C.C. over). Then traverse the nearest lobby, and head again for the oldest dwelling until you find "Arris."

Find an island and a mountain.

You're warm now, so retrace your path past an eastern island and mountain until you're kitty-corner from a famous paddler's place. Here turn left, walk to the ninth light pole, and find a date four years older than C.C. inside the second door to the right. Now retrace your steps to the corner. In sight once stood a warehouse designed by a famous Bostonian. Learn what its owners did, enter the nearest building whose owners are in the same business, then exit toward water. But don't get wet 'cause now you're very hot.

Ascend and descend.

Go against the flow till you spot what Chicago newspapers are full of. Count 'em, ascend that number of floors, descend 90 steps. Enter a place that doubles itself, say "C.C., please," and claim your case. Armchair adventurers can discover C.C. at any of Chicago's bars, restaurants or package stores with the same request. Just say "C.C., please."



Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



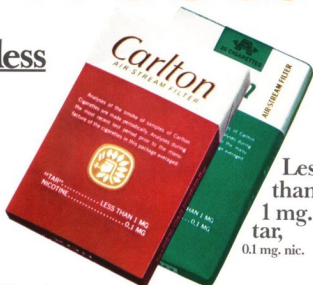
U.S. Government Report:

Carlton is lowest.

Box or Menthol:
10 Carlton have less
tar than 1:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Kent	12	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar
and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.



Less
than
1 mg.
tar,
0.1 mg. nic.

Carlton.
Filter & Menthol
The lighter
100's.



Only
5 mg.
tar,
0.5 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine;
Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78. 100 mm. 5 mg.
"tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.